HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. IV.—No. 183.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1860. [Price Five Cents.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

INSURRECTION IN SICILY.

Our readers are referred to Nos. 180 and 181 for a very accurate and valuable Map of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, for fine views of Messina, Naples, and Palermo, a splendid Portrait of Garibaldi, etc.

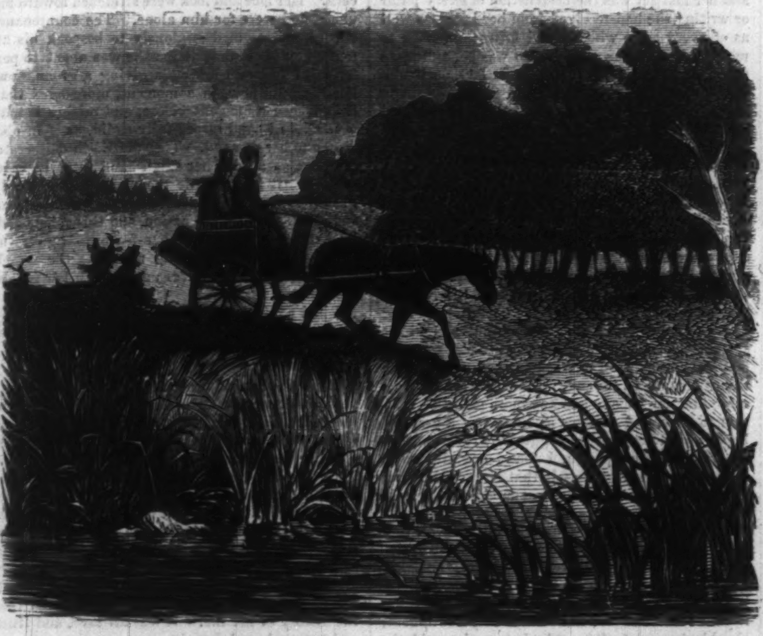
THE LAKE AT YSSBROOKE.

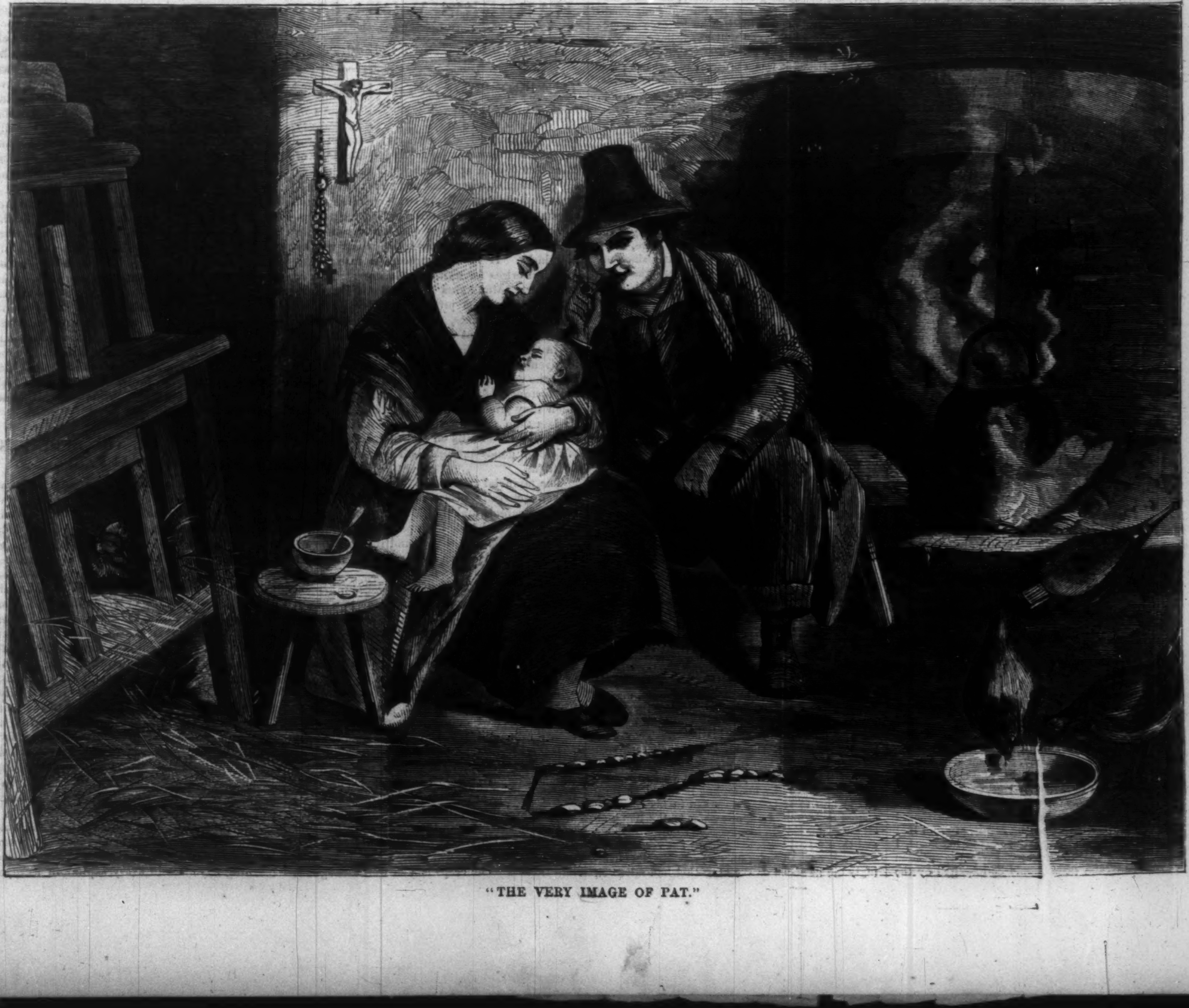
My parents were kept by the times in India: I was put to school at Harrow. At sixteen I spent my holidays at Yssbrooke. Yssbrooke belonged to my mother's brother; at least he occupied it, and his executors at his death disposed of it. There was a story about a trust, but that is neither here nor there. My vacations were, in most cases, passed there. It was a dull, odd, profitless sort of place, with gables of any age, that never seemed to grow older; large unthinned woods, and farmyards that never appeared either to thrive or to fall into decay; cattle grazing with a hopeless aspect on cold-looking pasture land, and thin crops of grain, which would have driven a farmer of these go-ahead times to suicide or the bottle. The whole establishment seemed but an abortive display of prosperity, which left its cold shade upon every person and thing brought within its compass; not that we were any of us habitually miserable, that I remember. The society at Yssbrooke was undoubtedly of a grave kind, but I do not think that it was distasteful to me on that account. I carried with me such school-boy elasticity as was consistent with my temperament. It was not much, perhaps, for I was ordinarily a dreamy boy, and may have been more in my element in my uncle's domain than would most of my school-fellows; but, on the whole, I was happy there. For was it not home to me, and at home who is not happy? My uncle had a daughter. She was some six years my senior; which circumstance, combined with a certain native superiority which made me feel myself immeasurably her inferior, probably checked my development of an attachment that I have since thought was waiting to break out on my side. Tall, lithesome, with earnest hazel eyes, and soft silken brown hair, she could not have been more fascinating had she been an angel of beauty.

One could never look in her face without seeming to read the depth and fervor of her simple heart. A winning though retiring candor pervaded her whole person. Quiet and subdued in manner, she was perfectly open and frank in all she said and did. She inspired confidence with the first glance of her eye, and alas, as I have reason to know, she yielded it but too readily and fearlessly when it was sought by others. Well, I was not myself in love with her. In her eyes I was but as a boy. "Cecil, remember," she would say to me, "that you are baby, you goose;" and I never had the hardihood to dispute that truth, nor could I make up my mind to be offended at its enunciation. For she was so taking—the tones of her voice were so soft and true, and her hair—well I may be excused for referring to it again, for have I not a small piece of it before me now?

But there was another reason for my not presuming upon hopes, against which my youth was itself a sufficient impediment.

Edith Gersom, as years drew on, yielded her


DISCOVERY OF THE BODY.


"THE VERY IMAGE OF PAT."

heart to some one else. I say, as years drew on—because when the affair commenced I never knew. I have a sort of idea that the fact rather crept upon me than that it was communicated to me as an actual occurrence that had taken place. I know that I disliked the favored party even at the time when he could have been no more than a pretender. Not that I had any other ground for my antipathy than the instinct which is more or less inherent in the rest of mankind. Eldred (that was his name) was, to look at, tall, dark, handsome, and unobjectionable, and withal studiously civil to me. Edith, too, tried to interest my sympathies in his favor.

"Cecil, he is so clever and learned," she would say, "and he does so desire to be great. Oh! cousin, if you could learn from him!"

Thank God, I never did. The only deed for which he rendered himself famous being the betrayal of the purest and warmest heart that ever beat.

The engagement between Eldred and my cousin hung on for, I should say, about two years. One other person in the household besides myself did not look upon the gentleman with the favor which he undoubtedly contrived to receive from the rest. That other person was Colonel Gersom, my uncle. And he, I think, was more against the match than against the man with whom it was to be contracted. What his exact scruples were neither of the lovers would say. He was a grave, thoughtful, reserved man, morbidly sensitive on religious matters, and I have sometimes fancied that something on this score stood in the way of that final consent for which the young people were waiting, and which was, in the end, rather abruptly and harshly refused. That this refusal was ever distinctively anticipated in the earlier stages of the transaction I do not believe. Else why should my uncle permit this man to visit the house, unchecked, during so long a period, and the two to be thrown together in unreserved intercourse in rides and drives, and in other ways, on all occasions?

This license was more dangerous, perhaps, for a girl of Edith's temperament, circumstanced as she was then, than it would have been for another. Trustful and confiding as she was herself, she had found, during her young life, but few receptacles for those feelings for which an ardent, passionate nature most craves.

Her mother had died when she was a mere child. Her father, though treating her always with a sort of sombre kindness, never had her confidence. She had no playfellow, except myself, and after Eldred became her accepted lover, there seemed, on some points, almost a distance between us. Besides, I was constantly away, and at last it appeared to me that my sweet cousin had bestowed on the one centre of affection the entire tendrils of her heart, and lived and breathed for none other.

I was just seventeen years of age when I returned to Yssbrooke to spend my last Harrow vacation. In another six months I was to go up to Cambridge. It was summer time, but the weather was gloomy and cheerless—dull also, though not rainy. Well do I remember the depression of spirits with which I drove by the edges of the lake through the park. The water looked so black and dull that my very heart seemed to shiver at the sight of it. This was the more remarkable, as of all spots connected with Yssbrooke I loved the lake most. It had been to me a constant source of recreation. I had fishing from it in spring time, and many's the summer night I had spent musingly on its broad surface. The wild fowl upon its sedgy banks afforded many a fair day's sport, and in quieter moments the walks around ministered to my brooding and eccentric humor. But now there was a black meaning in its dull waters, half fretted by the fitful gusts of wind which swept across it, that filled me with foreboding. My companion, too, who had met me with the country trap at the neighboring market-town, an old domestic as loquacious, on ordinary occasions, as any thing connected with Yssbrooke could be, displayed a taciturnity which did not detract from my uneasiness. The questions I had put to him on the road respecting the news, the state of the crops, the welfare of the estate, and the health of the different members of the family, had either been answered evasively or put aside as not apprehended. It was then, with a distrust I could not master, that we approached the house, gladly, to my mind, for if there was any thing amiss, Edith would clear up the mystery, or in default of her, old Markham, a *quondam* nurse, and later companion of my young cousin, with whom I had always been a favorite, and whose gossiping propensities I had come sometimes to regard as a virtue amidst the prevailing closeness of the inmates of Yssbrooke. Not to be prolix, I may at once come to what she did tell me—it was not for some hours after my arrival, nor until the stillness of the household, the absence of my uncle till close upon nightfall, and other circumstances had convinced me that something very serious had fallen out. Then the truth was told me by the lips of the old nurse, in sentences which seem as fresh and distinct to me now as on the night when my thirsty ears greedily drank them in, but which I would not put down intelligibly here, if I were to try for a lifetime. The worst part of the news, and that which admitted of no dispute or qualification, consisted of the abrupt flight of my sweet sister-cousin two days before. The circumstances attending the flight were not so intelligible.

It had been remarked, several weeks previously, that something was wrong between her and Eldred. How this was, or what was the ground of this estrangement, must ever remain a matter of conjecture. That my uncle had, by this time, refused to consent to their marriage, except on terms which the lover was too poor or too haughty to accept, came later to my ears. That Edith should feel this acutely, and that the result, after all that had passed, would go nearly to break her heart, I knew her too well to doubt; but why the affection existing between them should be impaired by the result was a question much more hard to solve. There is an awful cold doubt clinging to my heart which I have in vain endeavored to clear up. I hate to recall it, and why should I? After my uncle's ultimatum was passed, Eldred did not at first cease all communication with his mistress or with Yssbrook. It was said she saw him often. That more than once they parted in anger, and that, on one occasion, she left him in a passion of tears. At last, about a fortnight before my arrival, it was asserted that he had left the country. The Colonel received the news with apparent satisfaction, though he said nothing to his child or those about him. Edith, on the contrary, heard it with a look of terror far more striking than one which grief could have expressed, and for days saw no one but her nurse. Grim and reserved as was the Lord of Yssbrooke himself, he probably thought that condolence would only probe her distress, and for the days that succeeded she preserved a hopeless apathy, varied at times by fits of restlessness, and a vague dread of approaching inevitable horror. One afternoon she disappeared. Two entire days had elapsed since she left the house in her ordinary walking-apparel, without any reliable trace of her being forthcoming. She took no clothes or change of raiment for a journey, and her last act was the destruction of every letter or writing she had received from her lover, as well as of every trace which could bring him back to memory. She was gone and so was he, and up to the present moment they were, in fact, as if neither of them had ever been.

And what said my uncle to all this? I was mad to know what his hopes of her recovery were, and how he bore the disaster. On the first point I was enlightened that evening. He returned to Yssbrooke with the idea impressed upon his mind that his child was hiding from him. He had been to a distant market-town on the high road to Liverpool. The country people had given him a clew, or a fanciful clew furnished by a post-chaise and a dark night. That the clew stopped there only proved she was in hiding. The departure of Eldred from the country he regarded only as a feint. Her long depression during a fortnight a feint also; and her systematic destruction of her private papers at the last moment as proof of a scheme having a definite living purpose as its end. Nobody tried to undeceive him, for nobody had any more plausible solution to offer, and as long as there was a grain of hope it would be cruel to suggest the reverse. But the rector of our parish, I found out afterward, thought differently: he felt that either Edith was close by or further off than human aid could reach. Having some influence with the Colonel, he ventured to suggest, on the night of my arrival, that the woods, the farm cottages, and even the outlying thickets should be searched. "Why," he pointed out, "should she have left home without clothing or means, if she meant to go a journey? Why, if your refusal of Mr. Eldred was only contingent, should she go at all? Of what good would the subterfuge of his emigration be, when, by simply marrying her at once clandestinely, he could take her with him? You say he refused your conditions?—by eloping with her he at once accepts them, unless—what you will not believe." No—the Colonel will not believe any thing like that: he was satisfied it was a prearranged scheme; and perhaps the rector thought he had some better reasons for the supposition than he cared to mention, and did not press him further.

The next day had gone and no tidings, and the next, and my uncle seemed at last to be giving in. The whole neighborhood had been ransacked, every friend and acquaintance that Edith had ever possessed had been applied to—magisterial aid had been evoked—but there were neither tidings nor trace of the missing girl. The fifth day from her loss was a Sunday. Early in the forenoon the friends of Colonel Gersom anxiously thronged the dining-room for intelligence. I was there, terribly sick at heart, for I had slept little since my arrival, and having contributed my exertions also for intelligence over the country, I was exhausted bodily as well as mentally. By degrees it was mentioned that the Colonel was ill, and the body of persons present diminished, from motives of delicacy, to some half dozen. I waited, however, mechanically, I think, for I had nowhere else to go, and I felt an irresistible attraction in remaining in the company of others whose thoughts were riveted on the same subject as my own. I conversed, however, with none. With my head leaned partly on my hand, I sat in an angle of the room, my eyes resting on a large bowl, or rather glass trough of water, containing gold-fish, which stood in a recess hard by a window. It was before the days of "Aquaria," and the one before me would in these times have been thought insignificant. It was a curiosity, however, then, and the rare fish within it had been especial pets of poor lost Edith. As I looked on them this fact came before me in full force, and it seemed to me as if the present still aspect of the little silvery finned tribe within had been unchanged since my arrival. Alive they all certainly were, and all placed differently; but each appeared to have one golden-rimmed eye on me earnestly, seriously, unwaveringly, while their gills and fins flapped mourningly, and in measured shake, as if upbraiding my want of vigor in this grievous strait. The thought afflicted me so much that I was turning my eyes away when my uncle entered. He pressed the hands of one or two friends in a weary manner, meant, however, to be grateful, and begged the rector who had entered the room with him to explain his wishes on a point near his heart. They were that those present should, before they separated for divine service, join in prayer in that spot in behalf of the one sole hope left him on earth. He could not leave the house, but it would be comfort to him to feel that they had in his company offered their united supplications to the Being of all mercy for help in his present visitation. There and then we all knelt together. The rector spoke—no other save by murmurs—earnestly and affectingly did he touch on the blow that had fallen on the house, and according to the mode of faith then in vogue, he not only prayed, but asked for some direct token of the lost girl's fate. The speaker's words were from the heart, and they went to my heart, and when we rose to our feet my face, at least, was bathed in tears. Still I felt calmer and more tranquil, and save that I could not keep my eyes from the fish in the glass tank, I certainly was more composed. It is then from no excitement of mind that I came to behold that which was vouchsafed to the astonished eyes of all that little party.

When the persons present rose from prayer, they were grouped in a sort of semicircle, looking toward the vase of water, the rector and my uncle being alone with their backs toward it. On a sudden one of the party raised a cry, and the eyes of all, the two persons last mentioned included, turned in the direction of his gaze. Standing by the vase stood Edith—so plain that I, for one, could have vouched for her being there in life. She wore the dress in which she left home, but it seemed drenched as if by exposure to the weather. On her head was nothing; but her hair on one side, dripping and disheveled, hung unkempt upon her shoulder, on the other it seemed matted, and held to its place by some means which I could not discern. Her face and look were stretched toward my uncle, and were for him alone. The countenance tearful, and seemed anxiously to bespeak his attention, as if to some action she was about to perform. I just remember his giving a groan, bowing his head now, in a moment, more aged than it had been a moment before, and raising it with outstretched hand respectfully again, as if in obedience to her demand. Then did Edith deliberately before us all dip her small hand into the vase, and raise it high, while the water fell palpably splashing from her palm into it. Again she dipped, and again repeated the action, and this time a sad, weeping look o'erspread her features—again the water fell—the fish sprang round at the sound, and, covering her features madly with her hands, she disappeared.

I had no time to think, or cry, or breathe. My uncle, with arm uplifted to heaven, cried out at once, "The lake!"

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Beneath that sad sheet of water where I in my youth had spent so many happy hours, hard by the sedge, the sight of which but a few days before had spread such terror in my breast, the lifeless form of Edith Gersom was discovered. Dank, wet, and limp was her dress, for she had been there many days, and tangled and disheveled one side of her silken hair, as in the room wherein she betokened to us all her sad fate; while the locks on the other side, still close fixed to their place, told how closely her weary head had clenched the muddy sedgy pillow of its choice. Hand upon heart, sad smile upon lip, weary half-closed eyelid, told even then the history of her life. It was all love, and trust, and betrayal, and despair.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1860.

THE PROSPECT IN THE FUTURE.

THE prosperity of the United States—as of every other country—depends exclusively upon the proportion maintained between production and consumption. In the language of Micawber (which applies as justly to nations as to individuals), where the income is twenty shillings and the expenditure twenty shillings and sixpence, the result is misery; but let the income be twenty shillings and the expenditure nineteen and sixpence, and the result will be happiness. It is not uncommon to mistake financial crises for national disasters. This is an error. Merchants and bankers are mere middle-men, whose profits depend upon accidental circumstances, and who may grow rich or become bankrupt without affecting the country in which they live: their prosperity or their insolvency has no more effect upon the nation than the wealth or poverty of a lawyer has upon the fortunes of his clients. Nations prosper when they produce largely, and consume a little less than they produce; they decline when their production falls off and their consumption of foreign goods exceeds their means of paying for them.

The financial crisis of 1857 never could have proved generally disastrous had the Western crops of cereals and the Southern crop of cotton in 1857 and 1858 been generally bountiful. It was the rust and the fly and the drought of 1857 and 1858 which rendered the financial complication so widely fatal.

We are now entering upon a new era. Nearly three years have elapsed since the great bubble—first inflated by the California gold discoveries—burst, with a report which re-echoed throughout the commercial world. Since then the United States have gone through a period of almost unparalleled suffering. By a strange coincidence, simultaneously with our domestic troubles, immigration fell off, good harvests in Europe deprived our farmers of a market for their grain, and political disturbances indisposed capitalists to adventure money in new adventures, or to purchase cotton at the price which it ought to have commanded. Productive regions were smitten as cruelly as financial centres, and the result was universal poverty.

In the year 1859, in the months of June and July, it was believed by persons not over-sanguine that the worst was over, and that the tide had turned. The crops looked well throughout the country; it was fairly presumed that our income would exceed our expenditure. That hope was not realized. In the South, the cotton crop fulfilled the most sanguine expectations—a yield of 4,500,000 bales satisfied every one. But the West was disappointed. That fatal night of the 10th June, 1859, destroyed millions upon millions of bushels of corn and wheat in Illinois, Ohio, Wisconsin, Michigan, Indiana, and Minnesota. And to complicate the misfortune, excessive importations of foreign goods stripped the mercantile community of their profits, and disabled them from affording that aid to the rural districts which was fairly expected.

Another year has now elapsed. We are delighted to say that the promise of the future is more brilliant and more certain than it was a year since. The final result is still in the hands of Providence; an early frost may still largely diminish the product of cotton; and the rust and the fly may play havoc with the wheat. But present appearances fairly justify sanguine hopes. Throughout the Territory of Kansas and the State of Missouri the crops must be very poor; in Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and most of the Southern States, they will be below an average; but in the great food-yielding States—New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Northern Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Michigan, and Minnesota—the yield of both corn and wheat will be very largely in excess of the greatest product ever known. Words fail to describe the luxuriant appearance of the Western wheat. Hundreds and thousands of square miles are covered with the handsomest grain that a farmer need wish to see; another fortnight or three weeks and every wheat-grower of the West will be in easy circumstances again. The corn looks equally promising. An early spring and genial weather enabled the farmers to plant a larger area than usual, and to plant it well. If the autumn frost be no earlier than usual the corn crop of the Northwest will be largely in excess of the average. It is plain, too, as well from the drought which has prevailed in Missouri and several Southern States as from the unfavorable crop-reports from Europe, that there will be a fine market for all the food that can be grown in the West.

It is yet too early to speak confidently of the cotton crop. Its amount mainly depends on the date of the first fall frost. Still, assuming that we have an average autumn, the reports from the cotton plantations justify the hope that we may have, this year, a crop of not less than five million bales. Much more land than the average has been planted, and the weather has, thus far, been favorable. Nor is it unnatural to presume that the cotton-planters will enjoy this fall and next spring the best market they ever had. Never did cotton-spinners do so well as they have done since last September. The Manchester men have coined money. Our own mills have been unceasingly active, yet have failed to supply the home demand and the inquiry for export to South America and Asia. In France the manufacturers have been equally fortunate. All over the world, in fact, the manufacture of cotton goods has been so very profitable that there must be an increased demand for the raw material this fall.

Simultaneously with this increase of production, we note with pleasure a decrease in the general consumption of foreign goods, and a revival of immigration. The imports are largely below, the immigration largely in excess, of that of last year. We have less to pay for, and more hands to work with, than we had a year ago. Add to this that our banks are in a very sound condition, that no speculative schemes are absorbing capital, and that the mercantile community are trading on a safe basis and on their own means, and it can not be denied that the prospect in the future is one upon which every man may fairly congratulate his neighbor.

THE PROGRESS OF BUSINESS IN ITALY.

THE work goes bravely on! At the time we write we know that at least half of Palermo is in Garibaldi's hands, and that the imbecile tyrant of the Two Sicilies has begged for help from his brother sovereigns. It is agreeable to know that, with the exception of Austria—which doesn't matter, just now—the Powers of Europe have unanimously declined to lend their aid to the maintenance of Neapolitan oppression in Sicily. Napoleon shrewdly makes the point that a foreign Power can not mediate between a monarch and his subjects, but only between two hostile Powers; if, therefore, the King of Naples wants France to intervene, he must begin by recognizing the independence of Sicily. England positively refuses to move in the matter, simply reserving the right of mediating at the proper time in the interest of humanity. Similar answers, we are assured, were forwarded from Berlin and St. Petersburg. Young Bomba is left to his own resources, and may feel pretty certain that nobody sympathizes with him in his day of trouble.

Thus, the world moves, after all. Time was, within the lifetime of men not very old, when Bomba's cry of distress would have roused bristling bayonets in every capital in Europe, and Frenchmen, Germans, Spaniards, and Russians would have flown to Sicily, to crush out the insolent assailants of the divine right of kings. Austria put down the Italians over and over again. France sent an army to crush out liberty in Spain. Russia lent soldiers to help the German princes trample their people. Throughout Europe, thirty and forty years ago, sovereigns were banded together in a Holy Alliance, based upon the principle that the safety of all monarchs required the protection of each one of them against revolution. England was not a member of the Alliance; but in the great league which overthrew Napoleon, and of which the Alliance was the natural sequel, England took the leading part, and in good society in England every one sympathized with the allied sovereigns. Nearly forty years have passed since the last of the meetings of the Holy Alliance: what a change in public feeling!

Let no man suppose, however, that the work is over in Italy. The Bourbons and the Jesuits and the soldiery are fighting for bare life. They know perfectly well that if they are beaten that will be the end of them. They are desperate. They have money, arms, a well-disciplined army, and the advantage of position; while Garibaldi has but a slender force, the peasantry are not armed, the revolution has no money, and foreign aid can hardly be granted to rebels. In the end, it stands to reason that the cause of right must prevail; but the final triumph may not be reached as soon as many people expect. We may look for a long summer's work. Napoleon, it seems, has again yielded to the entreaties of the Pope, who, after coarsely abusing the Emperor in a public rescript, has now begged the favor of his protection a little longer. So Rome is safe for a few more weeks or months, and the Pope has something more substantial to rely upon than the ardor of Lamoricière and the constancy of his Irish recruits. Here, again, the struggle promises to be long and wearisome. Institutions like the Papacy can not be overthrown in a day, however hard the Pope and his ministers may try to provoke destruction.

But God is just, and the end must come at last. We who watch and hope shall yet see a free, united, liberal Italy.

THE LOUNGER.

ON A CERTAIN LATE NOVEL.

THAT any person, man or woman, who has the talent to write a good book, should write it, is natural and pleasant. That any clever person trying to help himself along in the world, and believing that he can do it by writing a story, should write it, is still natural and pleasant. A good story-teller is a benefactor. We can spare many people before him. How shall we estimate Defoe, Cervantes, Le Sage? But if this good intent be better than the story, ought the critic to say that the story is good because the author is pursuing a laudable purpose in the endeavor to help himself? You think that the critic may hold his tongue? So he will, doubtless, if any harm is to follow from opening his mouth. But critics don't make fame. Even the newspapers can not confer genius. They may excite a curiosity, and sell many editions of a book; but if the book be not good, they merely invite a crowd to witness the author's failure. You may be induced to buy a book because you see it highly praised; but when you have discovered that the book does not commend itself, no applause will persuade you to the purchase of that author's next production.

I remember that a MS. was once sent to me. I told the author previously that it had better not be sent; that if I liked it, the public might not; and if I disliked it, the author was sure to dislike me. But nothing could prevent it. 'Twas impossible that any such consideration, etc. I read the MS. —it was a novel—and did not like it. I said so to the author. Black night rushed down and separated us for many months. One day I received a small package, which I opened, and discovered a fresh, new book. Of course it was the novel I had not liked; and under the cover a note: "M—— presents compliments and a copy of ———. Mr. L. will observe that the eminent publishers, —— —— & Co., take a different view from his own of the merits and chances of success of the inclosed."

There was no reply possible but Phocion's.

"Mr. L. presents his compliments and thanks for the book. He is delighted that the eminent publishers differ with him about it. But he can only remind M—— that Phocion remained of the same opinion although the Greeks did win the battle."

The difference was that the novel did *not*. There was an immense advertising, and what is called puffing. The author was a person of "singular power," of "rare genius," and the novel "stands out among the dreary trash," etc., etc. That was five years ago. There has never been another work by the same author. Probably not a copy of that has been sold in four years; and it is doubtful if a single reader recalls either the name or the story.

Often and often since that day new novels have been published. They have marched by the public eye in full-dress parade. The drums and trumpets sounded, the banners waved; but the sound grew gradually fainter, until it was heard no more. Now a good book is not a military company thundering by with a clash of hired music. It is a thrush or a bobolink singing its own song, and every day renewing its charm, like the sun and the rose. Do children get tired of Robinson Crusoe? Does the "Arabian Nights" sell by puffing? Young author, the papers may not choose to say all they think. They may be told that you are poor, and be pitiful; they may not wish to alienate the publisher's advertising; they may have a general policy of praise; or, on the other hand, they may really like your book. But do not be elated; wait a little, until the next novel is published, and then read what they say of that. You will find that genius has been lavishly bestowed upon your generation, and that you are one of a mighty company of "rare powers" and "very remarkable talents."

✠ JOHN AND MATRIMONY.

THE spirit of our laws asserts absolute religious freedom. Their letter aims to protect and establish it. But if a man say that his religious views constrain him to pick pockets, he can not plead absolute religious toleration as a reason why he should not be sent up. There are several other rights besides those of a free religious belief. You may believe what you choose, or what you can not help; but if you believe it right to cut your neighbor's throat, you must take the consequences; because he has the same right to keep his throat whole that you have to your beliefs; and when rights conflict, society, or organized common sense, steps in and regulates the difficulty.

Clergymen are both religious and civil officers. When they marry a man and woman they sanctify the union by a religious blessing, and they legalize it by authority of the State. In the grant of that authority, the State may, of course, impose such reasonable conditions as it chooses for the purpose of accomplishing the end it has in view. In the eye of society marriage is a legal contract, and hence his Honor, Mayor Wood, who is not a religious officer, and Justices of the Peace, and various magistrates, are empowered to perform the ceremony.

Now the people of the State of New York, in view of the great interests of property which depend upon legitimate birth, desire as far as possible to authenticate every marriage, and for that purpose have ordained that every officer who marries a couple shall keep a registry of the names and surnames of the persons, the residence, age, and condition, whether single or widowed, as near as can be ascertained. Nothing could be more simple and rational. There would seem to be nothing in such a law to which any good citizen could possibly object. But there is an objector, and a most extraordinary objection he makes.

The Archbishop of the Romish Church has written a letter in which he says that if the State paid for the clergyman for marrying people he could understand that he would be responsible to its laws. But then the Archbishop knows that his sole authority to perform a legal marriage ceremony in this State is derived from the law of the State, and that the same power imposes the duty of the registry. Does he intend to say that the citizens are not responsible to the laws except when they are paid for obeying them? The Archbishop pleads that a clergyman is often called upon "to remedy privately the evils which the corruption of morals may have entailed, so far as any remnant of private conscience is concerned on the part of the delinquents." It is a dark saying. But the only meaning that appears in it is this, that people who have been long living together illicitly as husband and wife sometimes repent, and wish to be legally married. Very well. Is there any sufficient reason why a clergyman should be unwilling to state in his registry the fact that they were single although supposed to be married? Is there any reason why concubinage should be winked at because it has been long continued? Or, if it be right to conceal it, can a clergyman justify his revelation of it by the mere fact that the State pays him for the information?

The letter of the Archbishop which has excited so much remark is a triumph of obscurity. Learned divines have sometimes employed many words to cloud their ideas, and the meaning of the Archbishop is certainly obscure. He professes that he is ready for the prison or the scaffold, but he is not ready to violate his conscience—meaning, of course, that he is not willing to make the registry. But then he has just said that if the agent were paid by the State he would be responsible to the laws. His logic says, therefore—though, of course, the prelate himself does not intend it—that a law compelling a man to violate his conscience may be obeyed if he be paid for the violation. One might think it would be better to marry people quietly, according to law, than to attempt a justification of rebellion by a plea that the State had offered no bribe for obedience.

THE SPANISH MAIN.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE, who is one of the cleverest of the English novelists, has written a little book of travel among the West India Islands and along part of the shores of the Gulf, which is one of the most readable, agreeable, instructive volumes that you are likely to put your hand upon in all the summer.

Mr. Trollope (son of our old friend who made such fun of us some years ago, and with whom we were so savagely angry) holds some post in the English Post-office, and crossed the ocean upon some public business. But he did the public work with all the humor of a private gentleman. He is not troubled with a morbid conscience—he measures things by the rule of three—his circulation is apparently good—his health uniform—his temperament, as Professor Fowler would probably say, bilious-lymphatic—he is calm, perceptive—intelligent—prompt—impartial—able to see fun and to make it—a man upon whom a good bottle, a good cigar, and a good story would not be thrown away.

During a cruise of several weeks he drops in upon all the West India Islands, and falls in love with Demerara. He looks at every thing with the most appreciative and retentive eyes. He tells you the incidents of travel with a fresh spirit, and treats facts so jauntily that he positively makes statistics sing. He reports precisely what he sees, and what he thinks of it; and he neither sees nor thinks under any political, or personal, or philanthropic obligation. The book is a marvel of candor, and its observations are among the most valuable we have had upon the various questions connected with the Gulf and the islands. The book has a sort of earnestness, but it is an earnestness of accuracy. The clear cutting of facts which is so noticeable in his novels tells admirably in his travels, and the bright humor which gleams all through "Barchester Towers" and "Doctor Thorne" lights his whole West Indian journal. For its essential interest, and for its extremely valuable observation of facts, the Lounger cordially recommends Anthony Trollope's "West Indies and the Spanish Main."

ACT FIFTH, SCENE THE LAST.

JOHN BULL can never laugh at us again for any absurd extravagance. The solemn editorials of the *Saturday Review* and other leading English papers upon the brutal fight of Heenan and Sayers were droll enough; but the grave description in the *Times* of "the interesting ceremony which so auspiciously closes this novel Anglo-American 'difficulty'" is beyond Rabelais. We have had some signal successes in the achievement of absurdity. When, for instance, the obsequies of a bully killed in a drunken row in a grog-shop were celebrated as those of Washington might have been, decent Americans felt their fingers tingle, and the newspapers justly stated the public sentiment. But there was this explanation of that display, that Poole was idealized as the representative of a party, and the significance of his funeral was really political.

But the P. R. represents nothing. To confound that rare excellence, heroism, with the ability to endure a flogging is simply laughable; and when it is claimed that the due muscular preparation prevents any real suffering from the "punishment" it becomes contemptible. The courage that held Thermopylæ and watched at Valley Forge was not of the muscular kind. The point of pluck is in the mind, not in the knuckles; and many a man, because he is such a coward that he can not resist the foolishness of "the code," passes for a brave fellow because he stands up before a pistol. How is it possible for any man to insult you if you do not permit him? If you want brave men, don't go to race-courses, prize-rings, cock-fights, and bar-rooms; but find those who all their lives walk in a cloud of popular disfavor, because they love truth and are loyal to principle. Mr. Benjamin Caunt, because he has big fists and can stand a pommelling, is no more brave, for those reasons, than Hop-o'-my-thumb's ogre. He may be a hero, but his fists and muscle and endurance don't prove it.

John Bull thinks otherwise. The description of which we spoke is exquisite. The amiable fighters are introduced as "the two bravest men who had honored the world since the days of Wellington and Napoleon." John Bull then announces that the account of the bruising "is a history which will be read by future generations with admiration," and that its renown is "world-wide." Brother Jonathan then takes up the wondrous tale, and addresses Mr. Sayers upon "the termination of your long and honorable public life," and "the fitting finish of a great career." The bruising at Farnborough, especially. Probably the part when Mr. Heenan was engaged in strangling Mr. Sayers was "chivalry revived; and it was not only courteous but knightly." After this it seems rather hard in Jonathan, republican as he is, to remind Mr. Sayers that he is receiving "a sound expression of the admiration of two nations such as a man of your humble standing never had the proud fortune to receive before." Is a gentleman who, by countering upon the nob of another, has revived chivalry, and by planting his mawleys upon an opposing nozzle proved himself not only courteous but knightly, to be talked to of "humble standing?" Do people of humble standing fitly finish great careers, and terminate long and honorable public lives?

With such a flourish of eloquence the actors in the late great comedy bow themselves off the scene. Will John Bull now favor us with his estimate of the net gain to decency, honesty, and heroism of the whole business?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MODERATION IN CRINOLINE.

A lady who styles herself *Artiste en Corsets, Fournisseur de sa Majesté la Reine Victoria*, advertises a "Jupon Medium." The thing called "Jupon" has for a long time presented a shocking exception to the rule which declares that there is a medium in every thing. There has of late years been no medium in the dimensions of that article of female apparel, which have indeed exceeded all bounds. Henceforth, however, a man may hope to be enabled to sit at dinner between two ladies without being obliged to share their clothes, which now generally spread out on each side so as to meet in front of him, and, superadded to the garments proper to his knees, are uncomfortably warm in summer. In wiping his mouth after eating asparagus, no gentleman in future, thanks to the "Jupon Medium," will ever, perhaps, be entrapped into the mistake of using the flounces of one of his fair neighbors instead of his table-napkin. If the "Jupon Medium" is a pattern of the golden mean, success to it. May it be patronized by the aristocracy, and then, like a fashionable spirit-rapper, it will be what you may call an example of the happy medium!

OLD PORT AND OLD FOGIES.—The cause of grayness in the hair, in many instances, may be traced to a too copious indulgence in port-wine. When we consider the composition of the mixture ordinarily sold under that name, we may easily understand how the practice of imbibing it is calculated to give one who is not old the appearance of an *elder*-ly gentleman.

SPURS AND SHOULDER-KNOTS.—"What is an equerry, papa?" inquired a little boy, on hearing that a functionary of that name had been promoted to the coloneley of a crack regiment. "An equerry, my dear," replied the parent, "is a horse-footman."

We have heard of an economical man, who always takes his meals in front of a mirror. He does this to double the dishes.

THE ARMS OF THE HOLY SEE.—The Pope has accepted several pieces of rifled artillery which have been presented to him. His Holiness thinks that the patrimony of St. Peter requires to be fortified with weapons rather more substantial than the Apostolical Canons.

AN OLD STUPID.—A married philosopher, whose views respecting nursery management, fashions, domestic economy, and minor morals have long experienced a steady opposition, describes the reflective and analytical intellect as "that divine faculty of reason which distinguishes man from woman."

A boarding-house keeper advertises "Board for two gentlemen with gas."

The man who is "ahead of his age" must have been "born before his time."

Why does a sailor know there is a man in the moon? —Because he has been to sea.

Why is the letter "o" the most charitable letter in the alphabet?—Because it is found oftener than any other letter in "doing good."

A gentleman observed to another that *an officer in the army* had left his house without paying his rent.

"Oh!" exclaimed Frank Matthews, "you mean the *left-tenant*."

A cockney at a tea-party, overhearing one lady say to another, "I have something for your private ear," immediately exclaimed, "I protest against that, for there is a law against privateering."

An editor says that he hoped to be able to present a marriage and a death as original matter for his columns; but a heavy thaw broke up the wedding, and the doctor got sick, so the patient recovered.

A lawyer said to a medical friend: "My faculty, surely, is the more ancient; for the killing of Abel by Cain was the first criminal case."

"Sure enough," replied the doctor; "but before that happened a rib was taken out of Adam's side; and that constituted the first surgical operation."

A SNEEZING FIT.—Dr. Mosler, of Giesser, relates the case of a girl, who, suffering from an affection of the ear, consequent upon an attack of typhoid fever, was suddenly seized with a sneezing, which lasted for eighty hours. Reckoning ten sneezes per minute, he makes out that the girl must have sneezed 48,000 times.

Once at the breakfast-table at the Tedworth, Mr. Assheton Smith was intent on the newspaper, when suddenly he uttered an expression of horror, and his countenance exhibited the most poignant emotion. The ladies present, supposing that some great European calamity had occurred, hastily asked him what was the matter, and were told by the old gentleman, looking over his spectacles, "By Jove, a fox has been burned to death in a barn!" The enthusiastic votary of the chase, the man who hunted six days in a week all through the season, the high-priest who had immolated innumerable foxes, and could show to his friends one knife with which he had cut off no less than 1500 tails, was bowed down with sorrow when he heard of Reynard being destroyed without the usual ceremonies.

HOW TO AVOID DROWNING.—Always keep your head above water.

"NO MORE ON THAT HEAD."—Why is a busy barber like a telegraphic wire?—Because he runs *from poll to poll*.

THE BEST PROMOTER OF DIGESTION.—Laughing after dinner is a better "stomachic" to promote digestion than cheese, Champagne, or pills.

"Maister," said an old Scotch servant, "whether is't gude manners, when a gentleman gives you a glass o' whusky, to tak' a drop or drink aff the haill o't?" The master having, in homely Scotch phrase, judiciously replied to this poser that the courtesy consisted in imbibing the whole, the man exclaimed, with a sigh of relief, "Then, Gude be thankit, I was mannerly!"

A PROVERB OF SOME SOLEMN-'UN.—It is better that a woman should scold than do worse. Better for us to endure the present ills than fly to others that we know not of. We do not relish the noise of scolding. We never did. Scolding seems to be a poor use to make of a woman. But then scolding may have its advantages. We do not like the noise of a boiler blowing off steam; but if it saves the boiler from bursting, we should be content to endure it.

THE TAYLOR THAT MADE THE BREACHES.—The Duke of Wellington was remarkable for the coolness with which he gave his directions. Even in the heat of an engagement he has been known to give vent to a humorous observation, especially when it seemed to raise the spirits of his men. Thus, when the British were storming Badajoz, his Grace rode up while the balls were falling around, and observing an artilleryman particularly active, inquired the man's name. He was answered, "Taylor." "A very good name, too," remarked Wellington. "Cheer up, my men; our *Taylor* will soon make a *pair of breaches*—in the walls!" At this sally the men forgot the danger of their situation, a burst of laughter broke from them, and the next charge carried the fortress.

What axles on a railroad train are most likely to be broken?—The *tender* axles.

A practical joker ought to be the best of auctioneers—judging by his success in selling his friends.

The boy who was caught looking into the future has been arrested for trying to see the show without paying.

A sentimental chap intends to petition Parliament for a grant to improve the channels of affection; so that henceforth the "course of true love may run smooth."

"And so you have married a Mr. Penny!" said a gentleman to a lady of his acquaintance.

"No; Mr. Pence."

"Ah, you have done better than I thought."

"Sare," said a Frenchman, wishing to display his knowledge of the English language, "did it rain tomorrow?"

"Yes, Sare," was the equally bombastic reply; "yes, Sare, it vos."

A six-year older, going into the village without leave, was shouted after by one of the masters, who inquired where he was going.

"I am going to buy a ha'porth of nails, Sir."

"What for?"

"For a ha'penny, Sir," was the reply.

"Wonderful things are done nowadays," said Mr. Timmins; "the doctor has given Flack's boy a new lip from his cheek."

"Ah!" said his wife, "many's the time I have known a pair taken from mine, and no very painful operation either."

"I don't like to play forfeits," said Jemima, "and have all the fellows kissing me; it makes me common property."

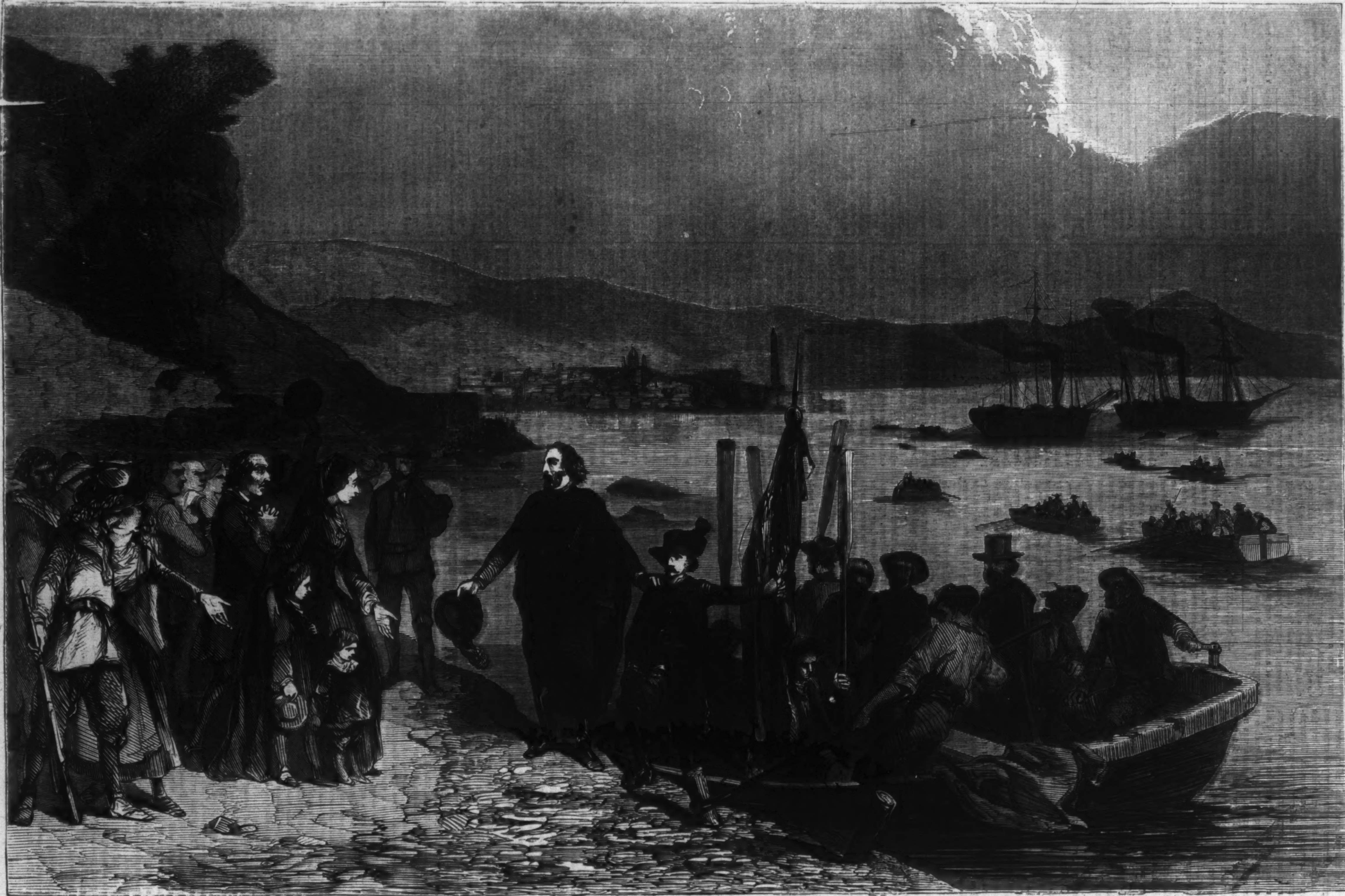
"Nothing is common which is dear," meekly responded Charles; "and deer are all private property according to law."

A sailor, a giant of known bravery, who was in a boat at the siege of Copenhagen, kept down his head while a shot was flying over the boat.

"For shame; hold up your head!" thundered the officer in the stern.

"I will, Sir, when there's room for it," was the laughing response.

The coat of a horse is the gift of nature. That of an ass is often the work of a tailor.



DEPARTURE OF GARIBALDI AND HIS FOLLOWERS FROM GENOA ON THE NIGHT OF MAY 5, 1860.

DEPARTURE OF GARIBALDI FROM GENOA.

The engraving on the previous page depicts the departure of the Italian chief Garibaldi from Genoa for Sicily on the 5th May last. Orders had been given to the captains of his force to meet on the night of 5-6th May, at the Villa Spinola. Their consultations were necessarily brief; time was precious. Before day broke the embarkation was effected, and the *Piemont* and *Bixio* were under full steam with their gallant crews.

General Garibaldi was the last man to embark. Our picture represents him consenting to the earnest request of the wife of one of his officers who prayed to be allowed to embark as a hospital nurse. This lady's name is Crespi.

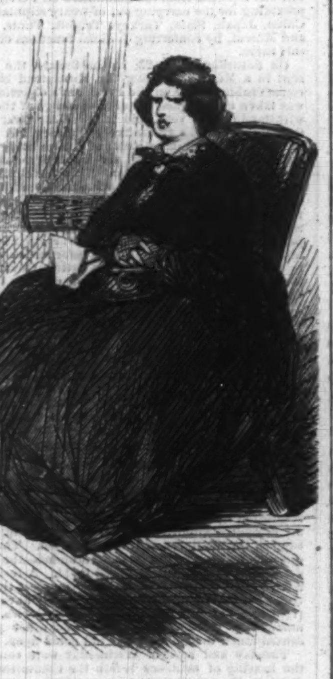
The results of the expedition are well known.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]



WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

VII.

When I reached home again, after my interview with Mrs. Clements, I was struck by the appearance of a change in Laura.

The unvarying gentleness and patience which long misfortune had tried so cruelly, and had never conquered yet, seemed now to have suddenly failed her. Insensible to all Marian's attempts to soothe and amuse her, she sat, with her neglected drawing pushed away on the table; her eyes resolutely cast down, her fingers twining and untwining themselves restlessly in her lap. Marian rose when I came in, with a silent distress in her face; waited for a moment to see if Laura would look up at my approach; whispered to me, "Try if *you* can rouse her;" and left the room.

I sat down in the vacant chair; gently unclasped the poor, worn, restless fingers; and took both her hands in mine.

"What are you thinking of, Laura? Tell me, my darling—try and tell me what it is.

She struggled with herself, and raised her eyes to mine. "I can't feel happy," she said; "I can't help thinking—" She stopped, bent forward a little, and laid her head on my shoulder, with a terrible mute helplessness that struck me to the heart.

"Try to tell me," I repeated, gently; "try to tell me why you are not happy."

"I am so useless—I am such a burden on both of you," she answered, with a weary, hopeless sigh. "You work and get money, Walter; and Marian helps you. Why is there nothing I can do? You will end in liking Marian better than you like me—you will, because I am so helpless! Oh don't, don't, don't treat me like a child!"

I raised her head, and smoothed away the tangled hair that fell over her face, and kissed her—my poor, faded flower! my lost, afflicted sister! You shall help us, Laura," I said; "you shall begin, my darling, to-day!"

She looked at me with a feverish eagerness, with a breathless interest, that made me tremble for the new life of hope which I had called into being by those few words.

I rose, and set her drawing materials in order, and placed them near her again.

"You know that I work and get money by drawing," I said. "Now you have taken such pains, now you are so much improved, you shall begin to work and get money too. Try to finish this little sketch as nicely and prettily as you can. When it is done I will take it away with me; and the same person will buy it who buys all that I do. You shall keep your own earnings in your own purse; and Marian shall come to you to help her as often as she comes to me. Think how useful you are going to make yourself to both of us, and you will soon be as happy, Laura, as the day is long."

Her face grew eager, and brightened into a smile. In the moment while it lasted, in the moment when she again took up the pencils that had been laid aside, she almost looked like the Laura of past days. I had not misinterpreted the first signs of a new growth and strength in her mind, unconsciously expressing themselves in the notice she had taken of the occupations which filled her sister's life and mine, and in the inference that she had truly drawn from them for herself. Marian (when I told her what had passed) saw, as I saw, that she was longing to assume her own little position of importance, to raise herself in her own estimation and in ours; and from that day we tenderly helped the new ambition which gave promise of the hopeful, happier future that might now not be far off. Her drawings, as she finished them, or tried to finish them, were placed in my hands; Marian took them from me and hid them carefully; and I set aside a little weekly tribute from my earnings, to be offered to her as the price paid by strangers for the poor, faint, valueless sketches of which I was the only purchaser. It was hard sometimes to maintain our innocent deception, when she proudly brought out her purse to contribute her share toward the expenses, and wondered, with serious interest, whether I or she had earned the most that week. I have all those hidden drawings in my possession still: they are my treasures beyond price—the dear remembrances that I love to keep alive—the friends, in past adversity, that my heart will never part from, my tenderness never forget.

Am I trifling here with the necessities of my task? am I looking forward to the happier time which my narrative has not yet reached? Yes. Back again—back to the days of doubt and dread, when the spirit within me struggled hard for its life, in the icy stillness of perpetual suspense. I have paused and rested for a while on the course which is leading me to the End. Is it time wasted if the friends who read these pages have paused and rested too?

I took the first opportunity I could find of speaking to Marian in private, and of communicating to her the result of the inquiries which I had made that morning. She seemed to share the opinion on the subject of my proposed journey to Welmingham, which Mrs. Clements had already expressed to me.

"Surely, Walter," she said, "you hardly know enough yet to give you any hope of claiming Mrs. Catherick's confidence? Is it wise to proceed to these extremities before you have really exhausted all safer and simpler means of attaining your object? When you told me that Sir Percival and the Count were the only two people in existence who knew the exact date of Laura's journey, you forgot and I forgot that there was a third person who must surely know it—I mean Mrs. Rubelle. Would it not be far easier, and far less dangerous, to insist on a confession from her than to force it from Sir Percival?"

"It might be easier," I replied; "but we are not aware of the full extent of Mrs. Rubelle's connivance and interest in the conspiracy; and we are therefore not certain that the date has been impressed on her mind, as it has been assuredly impressed on the minds of Sir Percival and the Count. It is too late now to waste the time on Mrs. Rubelle, which may be all-important to the discovery of the one assailable point in Sir Percival's life. Are you thinking a little too seriously, Marian, of the risk I may run in returning to Hampshire? Are you beginning to doubt whether Sir Percival Glyde may not, in the end, be more than a match for me?"

"He will not be more than your match," she replied, decidedly, "because he will not be helped in resisting you by the impenetrable wickedness of the Count."

"What has led you to that conclusion?" I asked, in some surprise.

"My own knowledge of Sir Percival's obstinacy and impatience of the Count's control," she answered. "I believe he will insist on meeting you single-handed—just as he insisted, at first, on acting for himself at Blackwater Park. The time for suspecting the Count's interference will be the time when you have Sir Percival at your mercy. His own interests will then be directly threatened—and he will act, Walter, to terrible purpose in his own defense."

"We may deprive him of his weapons beforehand," I said. "Some of the particulars I have heard from Mrs. Clements may yet be turned to account against him; and other means of strengthening the case may be at our disposal. There are passages in Mrs. Michelson's narrative which show that the Count found it necessary to place himself in communication with Mr. Fairlie; and there may be circumstanc which compromise him in that proceeding. While I am away, Marian, write to Mr. Fairlie, and say that you want an answer describing exactly what passed between the Count and himself, and informing you also of any particulars that may have come to his knowledge at the same time in connection with his niece. Tell him, in case he hesitates to comply, that the statement you request will, sooner or later, be insisted on if he shows any reluctance to furnish you with it of his own accord."

"The letter shall be written, Walter. But are you really determined to go to Welmingham?"

"Absolutely determined. I will devote the next two days to earning what we want for the week to come; and on the third day I go to Hampshire."

When the third day came I was ready for my journey.

As it was possible that I might be absent for some little time, I arranged with Marian that we were to write to each other every day. As long as I heard from her regularly, I should assume that nothing was wrong. But if the morning came and brought me no letter, my return to London would take place, as a matter of course, by the first train. I contrived to reconcile Laura to my departure by telling her that I was going to the country to find new purchasers for her drawings and for mine; and I left her occupied and happy. Marian followed me down stairs to the street door.

"Remember what anxious hearts you leave here," she whispered, as we stood together in the passage; "remember all the hopes that hang on your safe return. If strange things happen to you on this journey; if you and Sir Percival meet—"

"What makes you think we shall meet?" I asked.

"I don't know—I have fears and fancies that I can't account for. Laugh at them, Walter, if you like—but for God's sake keep your temper if you come in contact with that man!"

"Never fear, Marian! I answer for my self-control."

With these words we parted.

I walked briskly to the station. There was a glow of hope in me; there was a growing conviction in my mind that my journey this time would not be taken in vain. It was a fine, clear, cold morning; my nerves were firmly strung, and I felt all the strength of my resolution stirring in me vigorously from head to foot.

As I crossed the railway platform, and looked right and left among the people congregated on it, to search for any faces among them that I knew, the doubt occurred to me whether it might not have been to my advantage if I had adopted a disguise before setting out for Hampshire. But there was something so repellent to me in the idea—something so meanly like the common herd of spies and informers in the mere act of adopting a disguise—that I dismissed the question from consideration almost as soon as it had risen in my mind. Even as a mere matter of expediency the proceeding was doubtful in the extreme. If I tried the experiment at home, the landlord of the house would sooner or later discover me, and would have his suspicions aroused immediately. If I tried it away from home, the same persons might see me, by the commonest accident, with the disguise and without it; and I should in that way be inviting the notice and distrust which it was my most pressing interest to avoid. In my own character I had acted thus far—and in my own character I was resolved to continue to the end.

The train left me at Welmingham early in the afternoon.

Is there any wilderness of sand in the deserts of Arabia, is there any prospect of desolation among the ruins of Palestine which can rival the repelling effect on the eye, and the depressing influence on the mind, of an English country town, in the first stage of its existence, and in the transition-state of its prosperity? I asked myself that question as I passed through the clean desolation, the neat ugliness, the prim torpor of the streets of Welmingham. And the tradesmen who stared after me from their lonely shops; the trees that drooped helpless in their arid exile of unfinished crescents and squares; the dead house-carcasses that waited in vain for the vivifying human element to animate them with the breath of life; every creature that I saw, every object that I passed, seemed to answer with one accord: The deserts of Arabia are innocent of our civilized desolation; the ruins of Palestine are incapable of our modern gloom!

I inquired my way to the quarter of the town in which Mrs. Catherick lived; and on reaching it found myself in a square of small houses one story high. There was a bare little plot of grass in the middle protected by a cheap wire fence. An elderly nursemaid and two children were standing in a corner of the inclosure looking at a lean goat tethered to the grass. Two foot passengers were talking together on one side of the pavement before the houses, and an idle little boy was leading an idle little dog along by a string on the other. I heard the dull tinkling of a piano at a distance, accompanied by the intermittent knocking of a hammer nearer at hand. These were all the sights and sounds of life that encountered me when I entered the square.

I walked at once to the door of No. 13—the number of Mrs. Catherick's house—and knocked, without waiting to consider beforehand how I might best present myself when I got in. The first necessity was to see Mrs. Catherick. I could then judge from my own observation of the safest and easiest manner of approaching the object of my visit.

The door was opened by a melancholy, middle-aged woman servant. I gave her my card, and asked if I could see Mrs. Catherick. The card was taken into the front parlor, and the servant returned with a message requesting me to mention what my business was.

"Say, if you please, that my business relates to Mrs. Catherick's daughter," I replied. This was the best pretext I could think of on the spur of the moment to account for my visit.

The servant again retired to the parlor, again returned, and this time begged me, with a look of gloomy amazement, to walk in.

I entered a little room with a flaring paper of the largest pattern on the walls. Chairs, tables, chiffonnier, and sofa all gleamed with the glutinous brightness of cheap upholstery. On the largest table in the middle of the room stood a smart Bible, placed exactly in the centre, on a red and yellow woolen mat; and at the side of the table nearest to the window, with a little knitting-basket on her lap, and a wheezing, blear-eyed old spaniel crouched at her feet, there sat an elderly woman wearing a black net cap and a black silk gown, and having slate-colored mittens on her hands. Her iron-gray hair hung in heavy bands on either side of her face: her dark eyes looked straight forward with a hard, defiant, implacable stare. She had full, square cheeks; a long, firm chin; and thick, sensual, colorless lips. Her figure was stout and sturdy, and her manner aggressively self-possessed. This was Mrs. Catherick.

"You have come to speak to me about my daughter," she said, before I could utter a word on my side. "Be so good as to mention what you have to say."

The tone of her voice was as hard, as defiant, as implacable as the expression of her eyes. She pointed to a chair, and looked me all over attentively from head to foot as I sat down in it. I saw that my only chance with this woman was to speak to her in her own tone, and to meet her, at the outset of our interview, on her own ground.

"You are aware," I said, "that your daughter has been lost?"

"I am perfectly aware of it."

"Have you felt any apprehension that the misfortune of her loss might be followed by the misfortune of her death?"

"Yes. Have you come here to tell me she is dead?"

"I have."

"Why?"

She put that extraordinary question without the slightest change in her voice, her face, or her manner. She could not have appeared more perfectly unconcerned if I had told her of the death of the goat in the inclosure outside.

"Why?" I repeated. "Do you ask why I come here to tell you of your daughter's death?"

"Yes. What interest have you in me, or in her? How do you come to know any thing about my daughter?"

"In this way. I met her on the night when she escaped from the Asylum; and I assisted her in reaching a place of safety."

"You did very wrong."

"I am sorry to hear her mother say so."

"Her mother does say so. How do you know she is dead?"

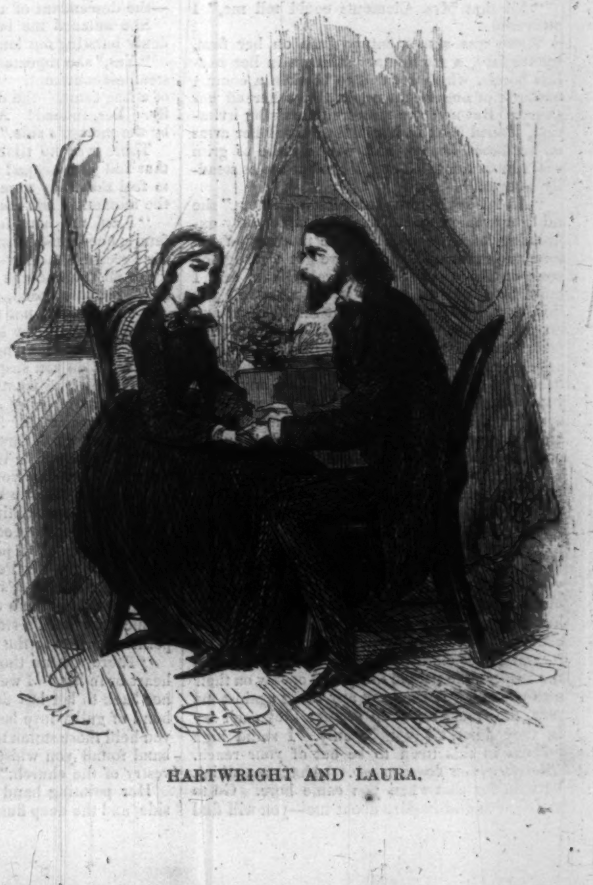
"I am not at liberty to say how I know it—but I *do* know it."

"Are you at liberty to say how you found out my address?"

"Certainly. I got your address from Mrs. Clements."

"Mrs. Clements is a foolish woman. Did she tell you to come here?"

"She did not."



HARTWRIGHT AND LAURA.

"Then, I ask you again, why did you come?"

As she was determined to have the answer, I gave it to her in the plainest possible form.

"I came," I said, "because I thought Anne Catherick's mother might have some natural interest in knowing whether she was alive or dead."

"Just so," said Mrs. Catherick, with additional self-possession. "Had you no other motive?"

I hesitated. The right answer to that question was not easy to find at a moment's notice.

"If you have no other motive," she went on, deliberately taking off her slate-colored mittens, and rolling them up, "I have only to thank you for your visit; and to say that I will not detain you here any longer. Your information would be more satisfactory if you were willing to explain how you became possessed of it. However, it justifies me, I suppose, in going into mourning. There is not much alteration necessary in my dress, as you see. When I have changed my mittens I shall be all in black."

She searched in the pocket of her gown; drew out a pair of black-lace mittens; put them on with the stoniest and steadiest composure; and then quietly crossed her hands in her lap.

"I wish you good-morning," she said.

The cool contempt of her manner irritated me into directly avowing that the purpose of my visit had not been answered yet.

"I *have* another motive in coming here," I said.

"Ah! I thought so," remarked Mrs. Catherick.

"Your daughter's death—"

"What did she die of?"

"Of disease of the heart."

"Yes? Go on."

"Your daughter's death has been made the pretext for inflicting serious injury on a person who is very dear to me. Two men have been concerned, to my certain knowledge, in doing that wrong. One of them is Sir Percival Glyde."

"Indeed?"

I looked attentively to see if she flinched at the sudden mention of that name. Not a muscle of her stirred—the hard, defiant, implacable stare in her eyes never wavered for an instant.

"You may wonder," I went on, "how the event of your daughter's death can have been made the means of inflicting injury on another person."

"No," said Mrs. Catherick; "I don't wonder at all. This appears to be your affair. You are interested in my affairs. I am not interested in yours."

"You may ask, then," I persisted, "why I mention the matter in your presence."

"Yes: I *do* ask that."

"I mention it because I am determined to bring Sir Percival Glyde to account for the wickedness he has committed."

"What have I to do with your determination?"

"You shall hear. There are certain events in Sir Percival's past life which it is necessary to my purpose to be fully acquainted with. *You* know them—and for that reason I come to *you*."

"What events do you mean?"

"Events which occurred at Old Welmingham, when your husband was parish-clerk at that place, and before the time when your daughter was born."

I had reached the woman at last through the barrier of impenetrable reserve that she had tried to set up between us. I saw her temper smoldering in her eyes as plainly as I saw her hands grow restless, then unclasp themselves and begin mechanically smoothing her dress over her knees.

"What do you know of these events?" she asked.

"All that Mrs. Clements could tell me," I answered.

There was a momentary flush on her firm, square face, a momentary stillness in her restless hands, which seemed to betoken a coming outburst of anger that might throw her off her guard. But no; she mastered the rising irritation, leaned back in her chair, crossed her arms on her broad bosom, and, with a smile of grim sarcasm on her thick lips, looked at me as steadily as ever.

"Ah! I begin to understand it all now," she said, her tamed and disciplined anger only expressing itself in the elaborate mockery of her tone and manner. "You have got a grudge of your own against Sir Percival Glyde, and I must help you to wreak it. I must tell you this, that, and the other about Sir Percival and myself, must I? Yes, indeed? You have been prying into my private affairs. You think you have found a lost woman to deal with, who lives here on sufferance, and who will do any thing you ask, for fear you may injure her in the opinions of the townspeople. I see through you and your precious speculation—I do! and it amuses me. Ha! ha!"

She stopped for a moment: her arms tightened over her bosom, and she laughed to herself—a slow, quiet, chuckling laugh.

"You don't know how I have lived in this place, and what I have done in this place, Mr. What's-your-name," she went on. "I'll tell you, before I ring the bell and have you shown out. I came here a wronged woman. I came here robbed of my character and determined to claim it back. I've been years and years about it, and I *have* claimed it back. I have matched the respectable people fairly and openly on their own ground. If they say any thing against me now, they must say it in secret: they can't say it, they daren't say it, openly. I stand high enough in this town to be out of your reach. *The clergyman bows to me.* Aha! you didn't bargain for that when you came here. Go to the church and inquire about me—you will find Mrs. Catherick has her sitting, like the rest of them, and pays the rent on the day it's due. Go to the town-hall. There's a petition lying there—a petition of the respectable inhabitants against allowing a Circus to come and perform here and corrupt our morals; yes, OUR morals! I signed that petition this morning. Go to the bookseller's shop. The clergyman's Wednesday evening Lectures on Justification by Faith are publishing there by subscription: I'm down on the list. The doctor's wife only put a shilling in the plate at our last charity sermon—I put half-a-crown. Mr. Churchwarden Soward held the plate and bowed to me. Ten years ago he told Pigrum, the chemist, I ought to be whipped out of the town at the cart's tail. Is your mother alive? Has she got a better Bible on her table than I have got on mine? Does she stand better with her tradespeople than I do with mine? Has she always lived within her income? I have always lived within mine.—Ah! there *is* the clergyman coming along the square. Look, Mr. What's-your-name — look, if you please!"

She started up with the activity of a young woman, went to the window, waited till the clergyman passed, and bowed to him solemnly. The clergyman ceremoniously raised his hat, and walked on. Mrs. Catherick returned to her chair, and looked at me with a grimmer sarcasm than ever.

"There!" she said. "What do you think of that for a woman with a lost character? How does your speculation look now?"

The singular manner in which she had chosen to assert herself, the extraordinary practical vindication of her position in the town which she had just offered, had so perplexed me that I listened to her in silent surprise. I was not the less resolved, however, to make another effort to throw her off her guard. If the woman's fierce temper once got beyond her control, and once flamed out on me, she might yet say the words which would put the clew in my hands.

"How does your speculation look now?" she repeated.

"Exactly as it looked when I first came in," I answered. "I don't doubt the position you have gained in the town, and I don't wish to assail it, even if I could. I came here because Sir Percival Glyde is, to my certain knowledge, your enemy as well as mine. If I have a grudge against him, you have a grudge against him too. You may deny it, if you like; you may distrust me as much as you please; you may be as angry as you will—but, of all the women in England, you, if you have any sense of injury, are the woman who ought to help me to crush that man."

"Crush him for yourself," she said; "then come back here, and see what I say to you."

She spoke those words as she had not spoken yet—quickly, fiercely, vindictively. I had stirred in its lair the serpent-hatred of years—but only for a moment. Like a lurking reptile it leaped up at me, as she eagerly bent forward toward the place in which I was sitting. Like a lurking reptile it dropped out of sight again, as she instantly resumed her former position in the chair.

"You won't trust me?" I said.

"No."

"You are afraid?"

"Do I look as if I was?"

"You are afraid of Sir Percival Glyde."

"Am I?"

Her color was rising, and her hands were at work again, smoothing her gown. I pressed the point farther and farther home—I went on, without allowing her a moment of delay.

"Sir Percival has a high position in the world," I said; "it would be no wonder if you were afraid of him. Sir Percival is a powerful man—a baronet—the possessor of a fine estate—the descendant of a great family—"

She amazed me beyond expression by suddenly bursting out laughing.

"Yes," she repeated, in tones of the bitterest, steadiest contempt. "A baronet—the possessor of a fine estate—the descendant of a great family. Yes, indeed! A great family—especially by the mother's side."

There was no time to reflect on the words that had just escaped her; there was only time to feel that they were well worth thinking over the moment I left the house.

"I am not here to dispute with you about family questions," I said. "I know nothing of Sir Percival's mother—"

"And you know as little of Sir Percival himself," she interposed, sharply.

"I advise you not to be too sure of that," I rejoined. "I know some things about him—and I suspect many more."

"What do you suspect?"

"I'll tell you what I *don't* suspect. I *don't* suspect him of being Anne's father."

She started to her feet, and came close up to me with a look of fury.

"How dare you talk to me about Anne's father! How dare you say who was her father, or who wasn't!" she broke out, her face quivering, her voice trembling with passion.

"The secret between you and Sir Percival is not *that* secret," I persisted. "The mystery which darkens Sir Percival's life was not born with your daughter's birth, and has not died with your daughter's death."

She drew back a step. "Go!" she said, and pointed sternly to the door.

"There was no thought of the child in your heart or in his," I went on, determined to press her back to her last defenses. "There was no bond of guilty love between you and him when you held those stolen meetings—when your husband found you whispering together under the vestry of the church."

Her pointing hand instantly dropped to her side, and the deep flush of anger faded from her face while I spoke. I saw the change pass over her; I saw that hard, firm, fearless, self-possessed woman quail under a terror which her utmost resolution was not strong enough to resist, when I said those five last words—"the vestry of the church."

For a minute or more we stood looking at each other in silence. I spoke first.

"Do you still refuse to trust me?" I asked.

She could not call the color that had left it back to her face; but she had steadied her voice, she had recovered the defiant self-possession of her manner, when she answered me.

"I do refuse," she said.

"Do you still tell me to go?"

"Yes. Go—and never come back."

I walked to the door, waited a moment before I opened it, and turned round to look at her again.

"I may have news to bring you of Sir Percival which you don't expect," I said; "and, in that case, I shall come back."

"There is no news of Sir Percival that I don't expect, except—"

She stopped; her pale face darkened; and she stole back, with a quiet, stealthy, cat-like step, to her chair.

"Except the news of his death," she said, sitting down again, with the mockery of a smile just hovering on her cruel lips, and the furtive light of hatred lurking deep in her steady eyes.

As I opened the door of the room to go out she looked round at me quickly. The cruel smile slowly widened her lips—she eyed me with a strange, stealthy interest from head to foot—an unutterable expectation showed itself wickedly all over her face. Was she speculating, in the secrecy of her own heart, on my youth and strength, on the force of my sense of injury and the limits of my self-control; and was she considering the lengths to which they might carry me if Sir Percival and I ever chanced to meet? The bare doubt that it might be so drove me from her presence, and silenced even the common forms of farewell on my lips. Without a word more, on my side or on hers, I left the room.

As I opened the outer door I saw the same clergyman who had already passed the house once, about to pass it again on his way back through the square. I waited on the door-step to let him go by, and looked round, as I did so, at the parlor window.

Mrs. Catherick had heard his footsteps approaching in the silence of that lonely place, and she was on her feet at the window again, waiting for him. Not all the strength of all the terrible passions I had roused in that woman's heart could loosen her desperate hold on the one fragment of social consideration which years of resolute effort had just dragged within her grasp. There she was again, not a minute after I had left her, placed purposely in a position which made it a matter of common courtesy on the part of the clergyman to bow to her for a second time. He raised his hat once more. I saw the hard, ghastly face behind the window soften and light up with gratified pride; I saw the head with the grim black cap bend ceremoniously in return. The clergyman had bowed to her—and in my presence—twice in one day!

The new direction which my inquiries must now take was plainly presented to my mind as I left the house. Mrs. Catherick had helped me a step forward in spite of herself. The next stage to be reached in the investigation was, beyond all doubt, the vestry of Old Welmingham Church.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, June 18, in the Senate, Senator Wilson's amendment to the Navy Appropriation Bill, proposing to provide three steamers for the suppression of the African slave-trade, was debated by Senators Collamer, Mason, Wilson, Mallory, and others. After further debate a vote was taken on the amendment, and it was lost by a vote of 18 to 25. The Navy Appropriation Bill was passed. ——In the House the business done was not of much importance. The Civil Appropriation Bill was amended by the appropriation of $250,000 for the extension of the Treasury Building, $300,000 for the prosecution of the Capitol extension, with £205,000 for labor and materials, and $47,600 for the purchase of marble columns for the Capitol.

On Tuesday, June 19, in the Senate, the Appropriation Bill was taken up, the House report agreed to, and the bill passed. The Overland Mail Bill was then considered. Senator Polk was in favor of the Butterfield contract. Senator Hale thought the contractors would be willing to take $600,000 and give up the contract, which would be a saving of $3,400,000 for the remainder of the time the contract had to run.——In the House, Mr. Davis, of Maryland, made a report from the Committee of Conference, on the disagreeing amendments to the Army Bill, to the effect that they had agreed to the appropriations of $735,000 for fortifications. The Senate's amendment, appropriating $300,000 for coal and navy dépôts on the Isthmus of Chiriqui, was concurred in.

On Wednesday, June 20, in the Senate, a Committee of Conference was ordered on the Navy Appropriation Bill. A motion to reconsider the vote postponing the Tariff Bill to next session caused considerable debate, but was at length agreed to. A Committee of Conference was appointed on the Post-office Deficiency Bill.——In the House, the Senate amendments to the Civil Appropriation Bill were agreed to except that one of the Senate appropriating $300,000 for the New Orleans Custom-house. The bill for the final adjustment of private land claims in Florida, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Missouri was passed. A partial report from the Committee of Conference on the disagreeing amendments of the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation Bills, reducing the subjects of controversy to seven, including the famous $21,000,000 loan amendment, was first rejected, but, on motion for reconsideration, concurred in.

On Thursday, June 21, in the Senate, the House bill to establish a mail six times a week overland from Sacramento to Portland, Oregon, was agreed to. Twenty thousand copies of the Harper's Ferry Report were ordered to be printed. The report from the Conference Committee on the Navy Appropriation Bill, in relation to the disagreeing votes, was agreed to, and the bill passed. The Committee of Conference on the Civil Appropriation Bill agreed to restore Captain Meigs to the superintendency of the Washington Aqueduct. A message was received from the House announcing the death of Mr. Schwartz, Representative from Pennsylvania. Senator Cameron offered the customary resolutions of condolence and sympathy, and was followed by Senators Seward and Sumner. The Senate then adjourned.——The House concurred in the Senate's amendment providing for the punishment of United States Marshals and their deputies who permit the escape of prisoners in their custody, the punishment being a fine of $2000 or imprisonment not exceeding two years. Various other amendments from the Senate were concurred in, when the death of Mr. Schwartz was announced, and the usual resolutions adopted. A Committee was appointed to accompany the remains to the place of interment.

On Friday, June 23, in the Senate, a resolution, providing that the Secretary of the Interior shall contract for the erection or purchase of a Government Printing Bureau, was reported, and caused some debate. The bill authorizing a loan of $20,000,000 was received from the House, and passed. The Legislative Appropriation bill was also passed. The Post Route Bill was then taken up, and an amendment offered, allowing the Postmaster-General to provide for the overland transportation of the Californian mails. This gave rise to considerable debate. The bill provides for three overland routes: a Northern weekly route, at a cost of $200,000; a tri-weekly middle route, *via* Salt Lake, at a cost of $600,000, or daily at $800,000; and a tri-weekly from New Orleans, *via* San Antonio, to connect with the Butterfield route at El Paso, for £200,000. In the evening session, after several hours' debate, it was informally laid aside, and the Post-office Deficiency bill taken up.——In the House, the unfinished business was transferred to the next session. The Committee of Conference on the Post-office Deficiency Bill, being unable to agree, were discharged from further service, and the House insisted on its amendment restoring the inland service discontinued in 1859. The Loan and Treasury Bill was passed, as were also a number of private bills. An important bill was reported from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, providing for the carrying out of treaty stipulations with China, Japan, Siam, Turkey, Tripoli, Tunis, Morocco, and Muscat, by conferring judicial functions on our Consuls there.

On Saturday, June 23, in the Senate, the President sent in a Message, vetoing the Homestead bill. After considerable debate on the President's objections, a vote was taken on the question of the passage of the bill notwithstanding the veto, and it failed for want of a two-thirds vote. The Post-office Deficiency bill was then considered, the principal point of debate being the proposition to restore the mail service discontinued by the Postmaster-General last year. This the Senate refused to do, and will ask for a Conference Committee. The amendment abolishing the franking privilege was also rejected—23 against 17. The Senate passed the House resolution reducing the price of the public printing forty per cent.——The House requested the President to furnish, at the next session, all the information possible as to the disposition made by the British Government of the Africans rescued by the British cruisers from slave vessels, and of the officers and crews of those vessels. A Message was received from the President recommending the alteration of the present law, so that the Postmaster-General may provide for the transportation of the Pacific mails on reasonable terms. The Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means proposed to introduce a bill to answer the desired purpose, but the proposition was defeated. Mr. Barr, of New York, occupied the time of the House in Committee of the Whole, in answer to a speech made some time ago, by Mr. Nelson, of Tennessee.

THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION.

The adjourned Democratic Convention met at Baltimore on Monday, 18th June, and was called to order by Mr. Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts. The first question that came up related to the admission of delegates. A resolution was offered by Mr. Church, of New York, that all delegates admitted should be bound in honor to support the nominees of the Convention. The previous question was moved but was not seconded—the New York delegation voting against it—56 to 14. A resolution offered by Mr. Clark, of Missouri, to the effect that the citizens of the several States of the Union have an equal right to settle and remain in the Territories, and hold unmolested there their slaves "and other property," caused much debate, and was not acted upon.

Tuesday and most of Wednesday were consumed by the hearing of evidence before the Committee on Credentials, the point at issue being whether certain Douglas delegations from the Southern States should be admitted or no. On Wednesday two reports were made from the Committee, a majority report recommending the admission of the Douglas delegates from Louisiana and Alabama, and parts of the delegations from other States; and a minority report against the admission of the Douglas delegations. Wednesday and Thursday were devoted to a discussion of these reports. Much angry feeling was evinced, and several personal brawls took place.

On Friday the Convention completed its labors upon the reports of its Committee on Credentials. The majority report was adopted, and the Douglas delegates admitted in place of the Seceders from the Southern States, except in the case of Georgia, where both delegations were admitted with power to cast jointly the vote of the State. A withdrawal of nearly all the Southern delegations, followed by those of California and Oregon, immediately ensued. There was a great deal of confusion and excitement throughout the proceedings.

On Saturday the secession movement was perfected on the commencement of balloting in the regular Convention, General Cushing, the Chairman, with a portion of the Massachusetts Delegation, joining in the stampede. The balloting then proceeded, and resulted, on the first trial, in 173½ votes being cast for Mr. Douglas, the whole number being 212½. A resolution was then introduced declaring Mr. Douglas duly nominated by a two-third vote; the desire for another having been expressed from the Southern section of the Convention, it was accordingly ordered, and resulted in 181½ votes being cast for Mr. Douglas, the rest being scattering. Mr. Douglas was then declared nominated, and the Convention took a recess. On reassembling, Senator Fitzpatrick, of Alabama, was unanimously nominated as the candidate for Vice-President.

THE SECESSION CONVENTION.

The seceders met at noon, and organized by the choice of Mr. Russell, of Virginia, as temporary Chairman. A recess was taken until 5 o'clock, when the permanent organization was perfected by the choice of Caleb Cushing as President. After considerable preliminary talk, the first ballot for a candidate for President was taken and resulted, 81 for Mr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, and 24 for Mr. Dickinson, of New York. Those voting for Dickinson then withdrew their candidate, and Mr. Breckinridge was declared nominated. General Jo Lane was nominated for the Vice-Presidency by acclamation. The proceedings of the Convention were characterized by considerable enthusiasm.

ANOTHER INDIAN WAR.

By the California Overland Mail, with news to the 1st inst., we hear of serious difficulties with the Indians in Western Utah, which had resulted in the discontinuance of the Pony Express. A serious war with them was anticipated. They are in large numbers, well armed and equipped.

ACCIDENT ON THE HUDSON RIVER.

A sad accident occurred on the Hudson River Railroad, on Wednesday afternoon, near Peekskill. Three men, in a state of intoxication, were walking on the track, when two of them grew quarrelsome and commenced to fight. During the contest the 11 A.M. Express train came along. The third man, seeing his comrades' danger, rushed in to separate them, when the cars passed over the three, killing two instantaneously, and so injuring the third that he died very shortly after. One of the party, an Englishman, had recently received a letter from his mother, and had gone out to buy paper and envelopes to reply to her, when he met the others, and treated them at several drinking places. And that was the cause of the catastrophe. Another accident is also reported on the same railroad. The body of a man was found lying on the track near Tarrytown. His neck was broken. The supposition is that he had jumped off a train.

MOVEMENTS OF THE JAPANESE.

On Saturday morning, 16th, the Japanese Embassy left Philadelphia without any formal escort or public demonstration other than the crowds that flocked to stare at them. They arrived at Amboy at 12½, and were formally received by the special committee of the New York Common Council, on board the steamboat *Alida*. After a delightful sail up the bay, they landed at Pier 1, and were escorted up Broadway, Grand Street, Bowery, around Union Square, down Broadway to the Metropolitan Hotel, by the entire first division New York State Militia, consisting of over seven thousand men. The procession occupied about an hour in passing a given point. The streets and buildings all along the route were crowded with spectators, yet the excellent police arrangements of Superintendent Kennedy secured a speedy and uninterrupted passage for the procession—a seclusion from scrutiny and insult that must have pleased the princes after their experience in other cities. In the evening, the Metropolitan Hotel, where the Embassy is located in magnificent quarters, was illuminated in every window, and decorated with a thousand Japanese and American flags. The princes were also serenaded by Dodworth's Band. The entire arrangements were conducted in a manner that is said to have given satisfaction to the Embassy and Naval Commission who have them in charge.

On Monday, 18th, the Embassy, in company with the Naval Commission and the Common Council, visited the Mayor and Governor at the City Hall, and were formally welcomed. The Seventh Regiment, National Guards, turned out a volunteer escort of about 650 men to guard the visitors on the route. Addresses of welcome were made by Mayor Wood and Governor Morgan, and replied to by the Princes, who, after viewing the Governor's Room, were escorted back to the Metropolitan. The Embassy was called upon in the morning by the Consul and Vice-Consul of the Netherlands, R. C. Burlage and J. E. Zimmerman.

On Tuesday the Embassy did not participate in any public ceremonies, in consequence of the rain.

On Wednesday the Embassy received, with great cordiality, a committee of twenty-four gentlemen from the Chamber of Commerce, and listened to an appropriate address from Pelatiah Perit on behalf of the delegation. They replied that they hoped for more extended commercial intercourse between Japan and the United States, and courteously invited the committee to call again, and in conversation inform the Embassy more fully of the desires and designs of American merchants. Various parties of the Japanese visited the *matinée* at the Academy of Music, the steam-frigate *Niagara* at the Navy-yard, and the Broadway stores.

On Thursday the Embassy visited the Central Park, and witnessed the planting of a Japanese tree. They also visited Washington Heights, the residence of Mr. J. G. Bennett. About thirty-five of the subordinate officers continued their shopping excursions.

On Friday, 22d, the Embassy kept quiet. Two of the officers and an interpreter had an interesting interview with the delegation from the Ethnological Society. Various parties went on shopping excursions, visited the Assay-office, Trinity Church, Custom-house, Exchange, Barnum's Museum, and other places of interest.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT AT SEA.

A dispatch from Cape Island, New Jersey, reported that the United States steamer *Walker* was run into at three o'clock on Thursday morning, off Absecom, by an unknown schooner. The steamer sank in half an hour. The captain and forty of the crew were saved in the boats, but about twenty of the crew are missing.

On Friday the steamer *Kennebeck*, Captain Johnson, arrived at this port, and brought from Cape May 44 of the crew of the steamer. They were picked up by the schooner *R. G. Porter*, Captain Hudson, who happened to be near the scene of the disaster, and who afterward landed them at Cape May. Twenty of the crew are reported as missing; but there is a hope that a portion of these were rescued by another vessel which was seen near the wreck. The rescued persons lost all they had on board, and were in great destitution.

PERSONAL.

The Court of Pardons of New Jersey have refused the application for a commutation of the death sentence of Rev. Jacob S. Harden, convicted of the murder of his wife by poison.

Prince de Joinville visited the Brooklyn Navy-yard on Monday. The visit was a strictly private one, his coachman being his only attendant. After finding the Commodore he presented his card, and expressed a wish to visit the different departments. He was shown through the various work-shops and other places of interest, and expressed himself highly pleased with the arrangements of the yard. On his retiring the Marine guard, Lieutenant Reynolds, was called out and gave him a salute.

It is rumored that Hon. L. Q. L. Lamar, one of the leaders of the seceding movement in the South, and Democratic representative in Congress from Mississippi, will retire from Congress to accept the Professorship of Public Law in the University of his State.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE "GREAT EASTERN."

IT is announced that the steamship *Great Eastern* would sail from Southampton for New York on Saturday, the 16th. The ship started on a trial trip on the 9th, running twelve hours out to sea, and twelve hours back. The trial was regarded as satisfactory, although the rate of speed attained did not at any time exceed thirteen and three-fourths knots, the average being twelve and a half knots. The very foul state of the vessel's bottom, and the fact that her trim was any thing but favorable for speed, accounted in a measure for the diminution from the rate obtained last year. There was some difficulty, however, in getting the full amount of steam, and the revolutions of the paddles and screw never exceeded ten and a half and thirty-nine respectively, which is considerably below the numbers attained at the previous trials. The ship answered her helm with marvelous ease and rapidity; so much so that Mr. Murphy, the New York pilot, expressed the utmost astonishment, and declared the vessel could go any where where there was water. Sundry minor improvements suggested by the trial would be concluded by the 12th, in order to give three days for her crew to get accustomed to their proper stations. It is confidently expected that the ship will reach New York within ten days, where it is intended to moor her close to the city.

ITALY.

THE CAPTURE OF PALERMO.

The correspondent of the London *Times* has written a graphic account of Garibaldi's attack on Palermo, from which we make several extracts. He begins as follows:

"PALERMO, *Sunday, May* 27, 1860.

"It is 2 P.M., and I am writing to you with the bombshells flying about my head through the air. When the landing of Garibaldi produced the first fit of terror at Naples, the youthful Bourbon sent to his brave fleet, concentrated in the Bay of Palermo, the order to bombard his faithful Palermitans, and reduce their town to ashes, if they should dare to rise against his paternal authority. The Palermitans had been treated once already in this paternal manner by the illustrious father of the present Sovereign, who, as you remember, figures in history as King Bomba, for having given these souvenirs of his love to every large town of his kingdom. Whoever has been in a town which is bombarded will tell you that it is very unpleasant, especially if you have not got the means of answering in a condign manner, and yet Palermo has risen this morning. Yesterday an official bulletin of the Government announced to the Palermitans that Garibaldi's defeated bands were flying in the direction of Corleone, followed by the victorious troops of the King; that the bands which had joined him in Sicily were going home gradually and tranquilly, and that in a short time all would be over. This morning, at daybreak, Garibaldi appeared at the eastern gates of Palermo, and, after a comparatively bloodless struggle, entered them. By 10 A.M. the greater part of the town was in his hands. The Neapolitans were driven into a number of strong positions round the Royal Palace, to the southwest of the town, and to the northwest toward the Mole, their line of retreat, and, not being able to do any thing more, the ships have opened their fire, always the last remedy. Almost all the civilized nations have representatives of their fleet on the spot to witness and approve by their presence this noble proceeding—English, French, American, Sardinian, Austrian, none of them are wanting. Nay, they have been kind enough to anchor in a way which may not hinder the movements of the brave Neapolitan fleet."

THE PRELIMINARY COUNCIL OF WAR.

Having collected his force near Palermo, Garibaldi resolved upon the attack. The *Times* correspondent thus describes the council:

"Having sketched out his plan, he convoked the different guerrilla chiefs and informed them of his intention. He told them that it was not his custom to have councils of war, but he thought it for once good to consult them, as upon the resolution taken must depend the fate of Sicily, and perhaps of Italy. There were only two things to be done—either to try and get possession of Palermo by a *coup de main*, or else to withdraw and begin a regular organization in the interior, and form an army. He, for his part, was for the *coup de main*, which would at once settle the fate of the island. He told them to be brief in their remarks, and not deliberate long. Most were utterly astonished at the boldness of this plan, and some made remarks about the want of ammunition for their men. They were told, for the hundredth time, that it was not long shots which imposed on the well-armed Neapolitans, but a determined rush in advance; that they ought not to waste their ammunition and fire off their guns for sport, and were promised whatever could be spared. This objection being waved, all expressed, more or less loudly, their approbation of the plan, and were dismissed with the injunction to animate their people and keep up their courage."

THE NIGHT ATTACK.

The attack was made by night, and some of the raw levies got into confusion and gave the alarm. The same writer thus describes the entry of the town:

"Instead, therefore, of surprising the post of the bridge, the *avant-garde* was received by a well-sustained fire, not only in front, but from the houses in their flanks. At the first sound of the musketry most of the *Picciotti* were across the garden walls, but not with a view of firing from behind them, leaving thus the thirty or forty men of the *avant-garde* all isolated in the large exposed street which leads to the bridge. The First Battalion of the Cacciatori was sent up, and as it did not carry the position fast enough, the second was sent after it soon after. While these were driving back the Neapolitans, every one did his best to drive the *Picciotti* forward. It was not so easy, in the beginning especially, when the sound of cannon was heard in front, although its effects were scarcely visible. However, the *Picciotti*, who remind me very much of Arnout Bashi-bozouks, can be led on after the first unpleasant sensation has passed away, especially when they see that it is not all the shots that kill or wound—not even the cannon shots, which make so formidable a noise. They could see this to perfection this morning; for although the Neapolitan rifles are scarcely inferior to the best fire-arms, I never saw so little damage done by so much shooting. Every one put himself, therefore, to work to lead and urge on the *Picciotti*, driving them out of the sheltered places by all kinds of contrivances, and often by blows and main force. After some trouble most of them were safely brought through the open space before the bridge, but the general tendency was to go under rather than above the bridge, which is, like bridges over torrents, high, and was in this instance exposed to a heavy cross-fire from the Piana di Borazzo, where the Neapolitans had a loop-holed wall and some guns mounted, which threw a few ill-aimed shells. While the General himself and many of his staff did their best to make them leave their shelter again and proceed, the *avant-garde* had chased back the Neapolitans to the *stradone* which runs down to the sea just in front of the Porta di Termini. The Neapolitan fort at the gate, considerably reinforced, opened a hot fire, which swept down the long avenue of houses leading to the bridge, while at the same the two guns and the troops posted at the Porta Sant' Antonino brought a cross-fire to bear on the attackers. But this was no obstacle to the brave fellows who led the way. They did not lose time with firing, but rushed on with the bayonet. The commander of the *avant-garde*, Major Tuhori, a Hungarian, and three of the guides were the first across the sand-bag barricade in the town, but the leader was wounded by a shot, which shattered his left knee. Otherwise the loss had been trifling. While the *avant-garde* and the Cacciatori chased the Neapolitans from spot to spot, the Palermitans began likewise to stir, but, justice compels me to say, only in the parts which the troops had left.

CROSSING THE STRADONE.

"The same scene as at the bridge was repeated at the crossing of the *stradone* by the *Picciotti*, who followed in a straggling movement. And yet it was important to get into the town, in order not to be outflanked or taken in the rear by the Neapolitans holding the Piana di Borazzo. In order to avert this danger, the order was given to some of the bands to get behind the garden walls which line the road by which the Neapolitans might have come down on our left. These diversions, and probably the dislike to fight in the open, were sufficient to parry this danger until the greatest part of the stragglers had passed. At the same time a barricade was thrown up in the rear with any thing which could be laid hold of. This work pleased the *Picciotti* so well that they began throwing up a barricade in front likewise. At any rate they blocked up a part of the road before they could be prevented.

"But the most critical thing was decidedly the crossing of the *stradone*, where the cross-fire was kept up, and all kinds of dodges were resorted to to make them risk this *salto*, which they thought mortal. I and one of the followers of Garibaldi held out one of the men by main force exposed to the fire, which soon made him run across. It was here, above all, that the bad firing of the Neapolitans told. I was looking on for some time, and did not see a single man even wounded. In order to encourage the *Picciotti*, one of the Genoese riflemen took four or five chairs, planted the tricolor on one of them, and sat down upon it for some time. The thing took at last decidedly, and you saw the *Picciotti* stopping on the road to fire off their muskets.

ENTRY OF GARIBALDI.

"Close to the Porta di Termini is the Vecchia Fiera—the old market-place. This was the first point where Garibaldi stopped. One must know these Sicilians to have an idea of the frenzy, screaming, shouting, crying, and hugging; all would kiss his hand and embrace his knees. Every moment brought new masses, which debouched in troops from one of the streets, anxious to have their turn. As the Cacciatori gradually cleared the lower part of the town, most of the inhabitants came to have a look, and give a greeting to the Liberator of Palermo and Sicily. The entrance was effected about 6½ A.M., and by noon more than one half of the town was clear of the troops.

THE BOMBARDMENT.

"But two hours before this was effected the citadel had opened its fire on the town, at first moderately enough, but soon after with great vigor, firing large 13-inch shells, red-hot shot, and every other projectile calculated to do the greatest possible damage. About noon or so, the ships in the harbor opened their fire, and between the two they contrived to destroy a great number of houses in the lower part of the town, killing and wounding a large number of people of all ages and both sexes. Two of the large shells were sent right into the hospital and exploded in one of the wards. Every where you perceived ruins and conflagrations, dead and wounded, not a few of whom must have perished among the ruins of the houses. It was especially the part of the town near the Piazza Bologni, and some of the adjoining streets, which was ill-treated. If the object of the Neapolitans was to inspire terror, they certainly succeeded. Whoever could took refuge in whatever he thought the most bomb-proof place, and those who could not you saw crying, praying, and wringing their hands in the streets. It was a pitiable sight, indeed, and it did more harm to inoffensive people than to those who might have retaliated. Before opening the fire, the Commodore sent a polite message to all the men-of-war which were in the way to get out of it, and all the vessels which were moored inside the Mole had to shift their berths and take up positions outside."

HOW THE NEAPOLITANS RUN.

A brief respite then followed. But soon came the news of an attack by the Royalists on Garibaldi's position. We continue our extracts:

"Garibaldi was at dinner when the news arrived. There had been so many rumors of an advance of the Neapolitans during the day that the first impression was that this was merely another of those wild rumors; but Captain Niva, who brought it, was one of the Garibaldians, and there could be no doubt about its truth. One street or one house is no great object in a town like Palermo, which has many more of them than can be well defended, but so much the more important was the moral effect of losing a portion already once held. With his usual *coup d'œil*, which I begin to think looks like inspiration, Garibaldi felt this. He jumped up from his chair, saying, 'Well, then, I suppose I must go there myself.' He saw it was one of those moments when the chief must be at the head of his troops to restore their confidence. He went down stairs, and took with him whatever he found on the road to that exposed point, and proceeded to take the lost ground.

"His presence not only soon checked the advance of the Royalists, but made them likewise lose the advantage they had gained a moment before. With that marvelous ascendency which he exercises over those around him, he succeeded in a short time in making the *Picciotti* fight, and even in animating the population which had remained in the houses.

"In spite of the urgent entreaties of his followers not to expose himself he remained in the open street without any shelter, haranguing and encouraging the men; the enemy seeing this, issued out from the houses and from behind the barricade. One of the *Picciotti* was shot through the head just before Garibaldi, who, seeing him falling, held him up for a moment; and Colonel Turr, at his side, got a ricochet ball against his leg as he took hold of the General and dragged him by main force under shelter. But the effect was produced. One rush brought the party close enough to throw one of Orsini's shells, which prostrated seven or eight men. The bugler, who is always at Garibaldi's side, sounded the charge, and the Neapolitans ran. The sound of this bugle seems to act formidably on the nerves of the Neapolitan troops; they know they have to do with Garibaldi's men, and at Calata Fimi they ran even before the charge took place."

A SUSPENSION OF ARMS.

The Neapolitans repulsed, overtures were made for a suspension of hostilities. The *Times* writer says:

"Just at this moment a flag of truce has come in from the Royal Palace with the following letter directed to General Garibaldi:

"'*The Commander-in-Chief of the Armies and Naval Stations beyond the Faro, Palermo, May* 30, 1860:

"'GENERAL,—As the British Admiral let me know that he would receive with pleasure on board of his vessel two of my Generals to open a conference with you, of which he would be the mediator, if you allowed them to pass through the lines, I beg you to let me know whether you assent, and if so to indicate to me the hour at which the armistice is to begin. It would be likewise advantageous that you allowed the two Generals to be accompanied from the Royal Palace to the Sanità, where they would embark.

"'Waiting for your answer, I have the honor to be,

"'LANZA.

"'To his Excellency General Garibaldi.'

"To this letter the answer was, that General Garibaldi would have no objection to meet the two Generals on board the Admiral's vessel; that he would send round orders to all the line to cease firing; that the armistice was to begin at noon, and that at 1 P.M. they should meet on board the Admiral's ship. Colonel Turr, the Inspector-General of the national forces, sent the letter to Lanza on board the *Hannibal* by Mr. Wilmot, the flag-lieutenant."

TREACHERY OF THE NEAPOLITANS.

"12.30 P.M.—If a man is found to have taken, in confusion, his neighbor's cloak, it may pass for a mistake; but if that same man is found on the very next occasion in the same position, it is time to cry 'Stop thief!' and collar the individual. When the Neapolitans asked for an armistice, and General Garibaldi sent, accordingly, the order to all the line to cease firing, they not only continued shelling, but tried to take advantage of the cessation of the fire to gain a better position. To-day they not only tried, but actually gained a considerable advantage. In order to cease firing at noon and begin the armistice, Garibaldi had begun to send round the line about an hour before. Just about the same time a Neapolitan column appeared on the same road by which Garibaldi had entered. It was provided with artillery, and began to advance from the Ponte dell' Amiraglialo, where they had been stationed, toward the Porta di Termini. In vain was the white flag, denoting an armistice, exhibited; not only did the firing continue, but the citadel began sending its shells in the same direction. Several of the officers mounted on the top of the barricades, and tried to inform the Neapolitans of the armistice. They were received with rifle-shots, and Colonel Carini, besides others, was wounded. The Garibaldians still stuck to their instructions, and did not return the fire. Message after message came to Garibaldi that they must fire or else abandon their position. The General was just on the point of taking the resolution that the armistice was broken, when two Neapolitan officers came in as *parlementaires*. They excused the affair as a misunderstanding, and that the column had not received the orders about the armistice. They were sent in front to stop the fire and arrest the advance. Curiously enough, during all this time the shelling from the citadel went on also; and surely the citadel could not be supposed to be without news of the armistice! Just at twelve o'clock the news came that the column of the enemy had penetrated into the town. Garibaldi immediately, as he did yesterday, collected his reserves, and marched on. It was quite true; and Lieutenant Wilmot, R.N., who had come on shore to bring the Admiral's consent to the conference on board, found himself in the midst of the advancing column of Neapolitans and the men of Garibaldi. A shell fired at the same time from the Castello burst close to him, the Neapolitans leveled their muskets, and it was with considerable danger that he at last reached Garibaldi. It was five minutes past twelve. Mr. Wilmot brought the Admiral's consent to an interview on board; and a few minutes after two Neapolitan officers arrived to say that it was all a mistake; that the column had not received the orders."

THE ARMISTICE.

The Neapolitan officers could not agree upon terms with Garibaldi. An armistice was, however, settled. The Paris *Constitutionnel* publishes the following official announcement:

The dispatches which have reached us from Sicily give the state of affairs thus: The armistice, which expired on the 8th instant at noon, is prolonged. The great Powers appear to have come to an agreement, on the one hand, to demand that hostilities should not be renewed; and, on the other hand, to lay down the principle of the non-intervention of Europe between the King of Naples and Sicily. We may add, that the interests of our countrymen have rendered it necessary to send additional French ships to the Sicilian waters.

THE LATEST FROM SICILY.

The capitulation was signed at Palermo on the 6th June. A Turin dispatch says of the terms of capitulation that the Neapolitan troops are to embark with their arms and baggage. They are to encamp until their embarkation on Monte Pellegrino. The Fort of Castillamore has been placed in the keeping of the English Admiral until the evacuation has been effected. A Naples dispatch of the 10th of June says the evacuation of Palermo by the royal troops will terminate to-morrow. The troops, which have already commenced to arrive at Naples, have been dispatched toward Castillamore and Gaeta. The Neapolitan troops in Sicily will be concentrated in Syracuse, Messina, and Agosta. The Neapolitans will embark with arms and baggage.

Garibaldi is said to have appointed a provisional government, with Baron Roano Minister of Foreign Affairs; Crispi in the Home Office and Finances; Orsini Minister of War, and Abbe Coligno Minister of Religious Worship.

It is positively asserted that Garibaldi found £960,000 sterling in the coffers of the treasury.

The damage done by the bombardment of Palermo was immense. The treasury was destroyed. The Neapolitans committed great atrocities. Three hundred houses were burned by the Neapolitans in only one quarter of the town, as well as several convents. At the moment of retreat women and children who sought to escape from the burning houses were killed. The Carini palace was sacked and burned. As they retired the soldiers set fire to all the houses in their way. Catania was given up to pillage by the royalists and then abandoned.

Garibaldi has issued a decree calling all Sicilians to arms between the ages of 17 and 50.

Fifty vessels of war were in the Roads of Palermo.

The *Opinione Nationale* gives a rumor that France had, with the consent of Piedmont, accepted the mediation proposed by Naples. The conditions of mediation are a liberal constitution for Naples, a separate government for Sicily under a Prince of the House of Bourbon, subject to the condition that the Sicilians give their consent.

It is reported that Mazzini had embarked for Sicily. The Sardinian government had ordered all their fleet, and all authorities along the coast, to apprehend him, if possible.

A Naples dispatch of the 9th says the promulgation of a constitution, framed similar to that of France, was expected shortly.

Garibaldi had addressed a letter to Signor Bertini, authorizing him to make advances or negotiate a loan for Sicily, or to contract any debt, and adds that he has at Sicily immense means to satisfy all claims.

A Neapolitan Envoy was on his way to Paris and London.

Count Aquila, uncle of the King of Naples, was strongly urging the adoption of an Italian policy and a liberal constitution for the government of Naples.

HOW GARIBALDI LOOKS.

An American, who has visited Garibaldi in Sicily, thus writes of him to the *Herald*:

"Wearing a brown felt hat, pulled forward over his eyes, a red flannel shirt, coarse heavy shoes, and a pair of blue pantaloons, into the pockets of which both hands were thrust, and with no coat on, Garibaldi looked more like any Yankee farmer coming in from the field than the leader of a revolution. Understanding who we were, he shook us warmly by the hand, and, in good English, assured us that we were welcome. He was just going to dine, and with the remark that our forefathers had tables as poorly furnished, he invited us to eat with him. So we sat down to a dinner which carried one's thoughts back to the days of our own Marion. The General was seated at the root of the tree on a small box. Saddles and baskets were placed around for the rest of us. A dozen or more, sitting and standing, with the aid of clasp knives and fingers, made a lively attack on a huge kettle of cooked meat, onions, and potatoes, placed on the ground, assisted by liberal supplies of country wine, tasting better in our tin cups than at the most costly feast. It was a rare sight, and one to be remembered for a lifetime. Garibaldi was, of course, the most interesting of the whole; but, apparently unconscious of it all, he kept up a general conversation, making numerous inquiries of his friends in New York—of General Avezzani in particular, with whom I was acquainted, and who had fought with him; also of Colonel Colt, who was a personal friend and had presented him with four revolvers, and one hundred more for his men, which, through some blunder, had been left behind in his departure from Genoa—a loss which he felt very much. In personal appearance Garibaldi is about five feet ten inches in height, strongly but not heavily built, but with muscles and a hand like iron; fair complexion, somewhat sunburned, and has a full short beard, originally red, but now partly gray; a high, straight forehead, brown hair, with partial baldness, and dark eyes, set far back, give him, when uncovered, an air of quiet dignity which can not fail to impress one with an undefined feeling of respect and admiration, though his whole bearing is such as to make a stranger feel perfectly at his ease. There is something remarkable about his profile which I have never seen before: the forehead and nose appear to be in the same straight line, without the usual indentation between them. There is an air of unassuming modesty about him in every thing. In conversation a quiet smile is almost continually on his face; he speaks slowly, several times turning aside to give orders or receive intelligence. In speaking of the coming fight he made no boasts—said that he labored under great disadvantages from want of arms and discipline. Though he had plenty of men—all except the 1000 Piedmontese who came with him were hasty and untrained, and would require a long time to become properly disciplined."

STATE OF THE PRISONS IN PALERMO.

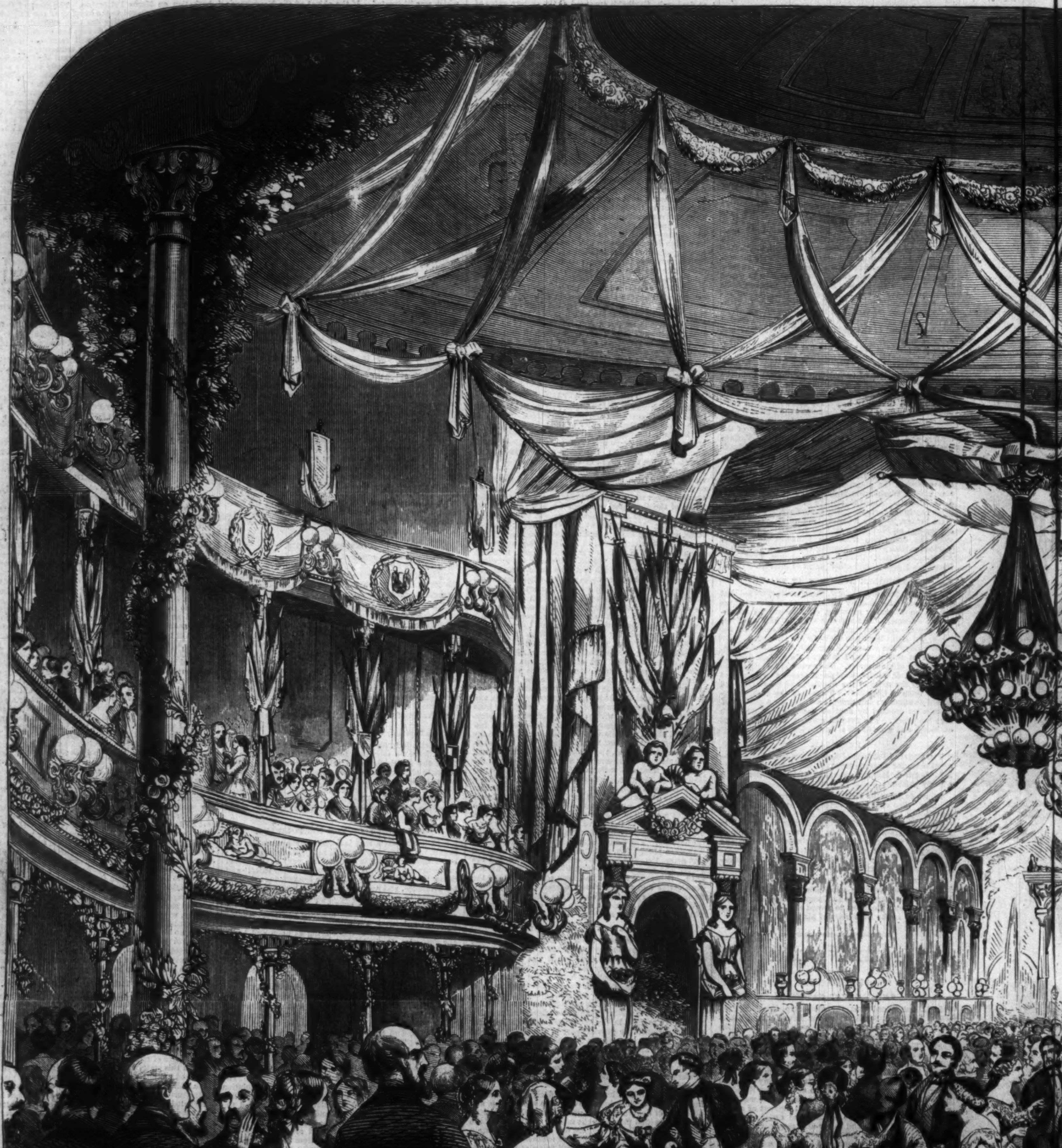
A gentleman writes to a London paper that he was in Palermo in 1848, when a room was broken open in a jail by the exasperated populace, and there he, with others, saw a sight that, for unexampled horrors, no tongue or pen could depict. It was filled with slaughtered and tortured persons, some hanging nailed up to walls, where they were crucified alive, others torn in pieces, and in all states and stages of mutilation and decay. The room had been left in this state, with the doors and windows walled and bricked up, but was discovered by some soft plaster on the wall of an adjoining apartment, against which some furniture stood. The tyrant and his myrmidons had anticipated that this would remain sealed, a forgotten and unknown mystery forever. Deeds of darkness rarely escape the light.

TURKEY.

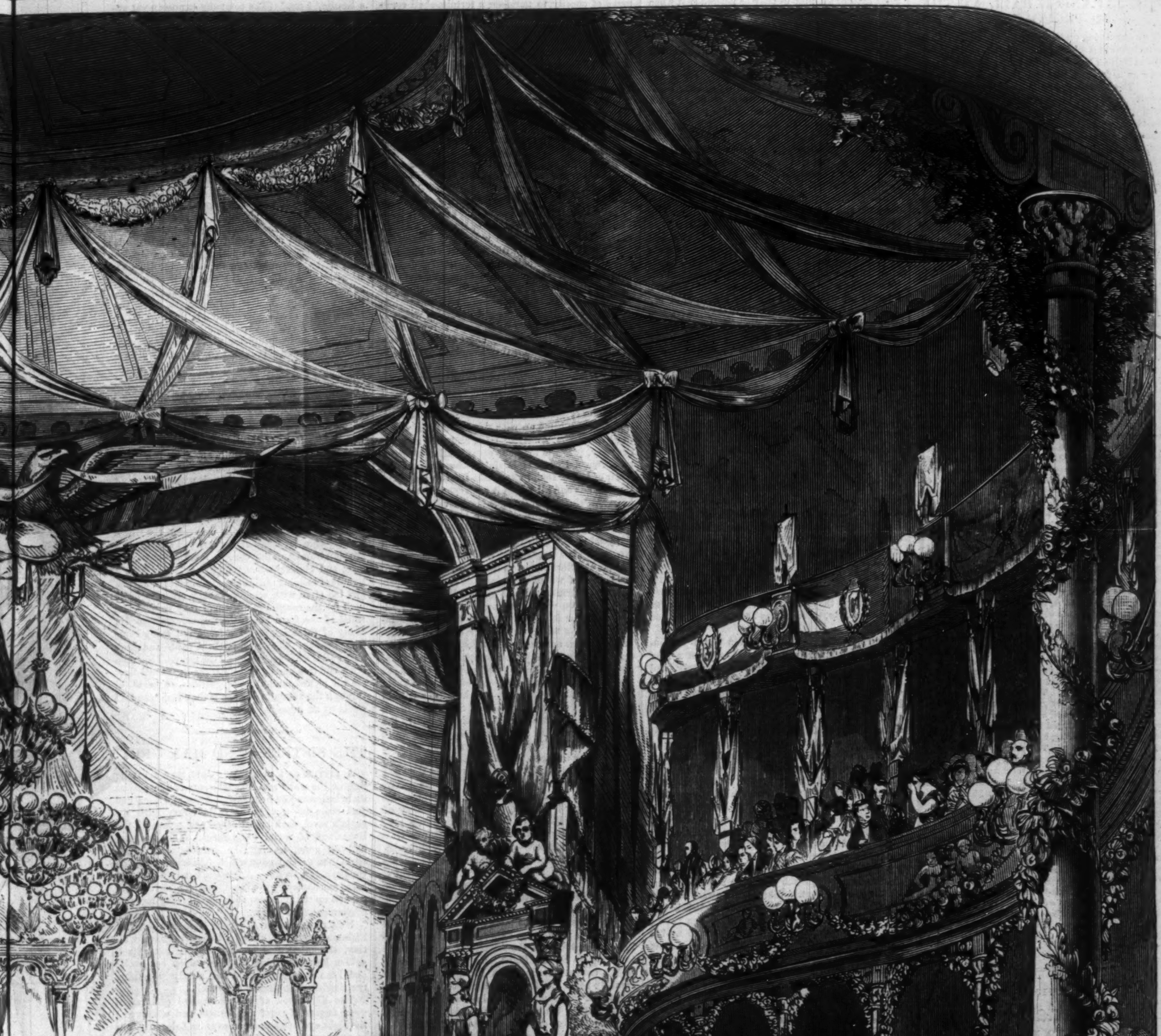
THE TURCO-RUSSIAN IMBROGLIO.

The *Herald* correspondent writes from St. Petersburg:

"The first act of the political drama, the exposition of which took place some three or four weeks ago at the meeting called by our Minister of Foreign Affairs, is over, and a short pause will intervene before the curtain rises again for the second. There has been a change of Ministry at Constantinople; the Grand Vizier, Ali Pasha, an obstinate old Turk, who rejected all foreign interference, and was inclined to treat the Christian subjects of the Porte after the fashion of Mohammed the Exterminator, has been disgraced, and his successor, Kupizli, has not only signified his readiness to institute an inquiry into the conduct of the Turkish Governors of Bosnia, Bulgaria, etc., and the condition of the population under their rule, but will direct the investigation in person, and make a tour through the provinces for that purpose, in order to remedy the abuses he may find existing there on the spot. Our Embassador at Constantinople, Prince Labanoff Rostoffsky, has been instructed to agree to this proposition on condition that the Russian Consuls are authorized to watch the progress of the investigation and to report on its results. This may be considered as a sort of diplomatic armistice, during which both parties will prepare for further operations. The Grand Vizier will probably discover that the complaints of the Christians are without any foundation; that they are in full enjoyment of the privileges conferred upon them by the decree; and that the undeniable agitation prevailing among them is entirely owing to the revolutionary spirit of the age or the machinations of foreign emissaries. The Russian Consuls will report in a contrary sense; they will show, as they easily can, that the decree has been a dead letter, and that the Rayahs are no better off than they were before its promulgation. The second act will then open with several remonstrances on the part of our Government, supported by France, and it will ultimately be found necessary to replace moral suasion by material pressure."



BALL GIVEN BY THE CITY OF NEW YORK TO THE JAPANE



NESE EMBASSY AT THE METROPOLITAN HOTEL, JUNE 25, 1860.

THE JAPANESE BALL AT THE METROPOLITAN.

The engraving on the preceding pages will show the unfortunates who were not present at the Metropolitan Ball on Monday what they missed, and may serve as a memorial of the Japanese visit to the city. The Ball was given, as every one knows, by the city, and was, probably, the finest public entertainment ever given in this country. It will, doubtless, be remembered with pleasure alike by the city's guests and by the citizens who assembled to do them honor.

Supper was laid for 10,000 persons, though the number of tickets issued was probably much more than ten thousand; all the leading officials of this and the neighboring cities and our most distinguished citizens having been invited. The Champagne, punch, and lemonade were provided by the barrel, and the edibles in equal profusion. Five bands of music discoursed sweet strains to the dancers.

Of the decorations of the scene, as depicted in our engraving, the *Herald* says:

> "The great centre of attraction, and the feature of the reception, was the theatre, which was most lavishly decorated. The stage and parquette were floored over as a space for dancing. The seats were removed from the dress circle, and that space also was used by the dancers. The seats in the upper tiers were reserved for those who preferred looking upon the dancers; and around these tiers and the ground-floor there was a splendid promenade, with arches of flowers. The whole theatre and stage formed a magnificent pavilion, with a canopy and sides of red and white damask, festooned with wreaths of flowers and hangings of rich silks. Three immense chandeliers were suspended from the ceiling, and side lights and candelabras were pendent from the columns. Upon each of the upper-tier boxes were wreaths of evergreen, inclosing the coats of arms of the different States of the Union, and the old decorations were concealed beneath festoons of red, white, and blue. The columns were wreathed with flags, and upon each column was hung a banneret of silk, with appropriate inscriptions and devices. The lower tier was richly hung with draperies of silk and festoons of flowers, inclosing fanciful designs in plaster and gilt; and upon the columns, instead of the bannerets, as in the upper tier, were suspended the flags of the different regiments of our city, gracefully festooned and draped with ribbons. Between the columns supporting this tier were arranged arches of evergreens and flowers, forming a perfect arbor, and carrying the garden, into which the entire establishment was transformed, down to space for dancing. The dancing-floor in the theatre was seventy feet wide by one hundred and fifty feet long, with accommodations for two thousand dancers. The band was placed upon an elevated dais, and the music for the entire reception was provided by Dodworth, one hundred and sixty of whose musicians were engaged. The floor was chalked in Byzantine style. The upper private boxes were concealed by the large standards of the city companies, and the lower boxes were arranged into niches of flowers, containing statues of dancing nymphs supporting bouquets and garlands of flowers. The proscenium was draped with large American and Japanese flags, surmounted by twin figures of Fame, sounding their trumpets, and sustaining a large gilded American eagle, pendent from the claws of which was a medallion wreath, with a device of clasped hands in the centre.
>
> "The stage was cleared back to the walls, and the entire space was set with a beautiful garden scene, lit up with bracket side-lights and candelabras. At the rear of the stage was erected a gorgeous Japanese pavilion, from designs furnished by one of the artists attached to the Embassy, represented as if standing in the midst of a garden. A private entrance, reserved exclusively for the Embassadors, communicated with this pavilion from the hotel, so that the Princes would retire to their rooms or be present among the distinguished throng, as they wished. This apartment was illuminated by candelabras, supported by gold statues, from the establishment of the Messrs. Haughwout."

THE
Uncommercial Traveler.
NO. X.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

The chance use of the word "Tramp" in my last paper brought that numerous fraternity so vividly before my mind's eye that I had no sooner laid down my pen than a compulsion was upon me to take it up again, and make notes of the Tramps whom I perceived on all the summer roads in all directions.

Whenever a tramp sits down to rest by the wayside he sits with his legs in a dry ditch; and whenever he goes to sleep (which is very often indeed), he goes to sleep on his back. Yonder, by the high road, glaring white in the bright sunshine, lies, on the dusty bit of turf under the bramble-bush that fences the coppice from the highway, the tramp of the order savage, fast asleep. He lies on the broad of his back, with his face turned up to the sky, and one of his ragged arms loosely thrown across his face. His bundle (what can be the contents of that mysterious bundle, to make it worth his while to carry it about?) is thrown down beside him, and the waking woman with him sits with her legs in the ditch and her back to the road. She wears her bonnet rakishly perched on the front of her head, to shade her face from the sun in walking, and she ties her skirts round her in conventionally tight tramp fashion with a sort of apron. You can seldom catch sight of her resting thus without seeing her, in a despondently defiant manner, doing something to her hair or her bonnet, and glancing at you between her fingers. She does not often go to sleep herself in the daytime, but will sit for any length of time beside the man. And his slumberous propensities would not seem to be referable to the fatigue of carrying the bundle, for she carries it much oftener and further than he. When they are afoot, you will mostly find him slouching on ahead, in a gruff temper, while she lags heavily behind with the burden. He is given to personally correcting her, too—which phase of his character develops itself oftenest on benches outside ale-house doors—and she appears to become strongly attached to him for these reasons; it may usually be noticed that when the poor creature has a bruised face she is the most affectionate. He has no occupation whatever, this order of tramp, and has no object whatever in going any where. He will sometimes call himself a brick-maker, or a sawyer, but only when he takes an imaginative flight. He generally represents himself, in a vague way, as looking out for a job of work; but he never did work, he never does, and he never will. It is a favorite fiction with him, however (as if he were the most industrious character on earth), that *you* never work; and as he goes past your garden, and sees you looking at your flowers, you will overhear him growl, with a strong sense of contrast, "*You* are a lucky, hidle devil, *you* are!"

The slinking tramp is of the same hopeless order, and has the same injured conviction on him that you were born to whatever you possess, and never did any thing to get it; but he is of a less audacious disposition. He will stop before your gate, and say to his female companion, with an air of constitutional humility and propitiation—to edify any one who may be within hearing, behind a blind or a bush—"This is a sweet spot, ain't it? A lovelly spot! And I wonder if they'd give two poor footsore travelers like me and you a drop of fresh water out of such a pretty, gen-teel crib? We'd take it wery koind on 'em, wouldn't us? Wery koind; upon my word, us would!" He has a quick sense of a dog in the vicinity, and will extend his modestly-injured propitiation to the dog chained up in your yard: remarking, as he slinks at the yard-gate, "Ah! you are a foine breed o' dog, too, and *you* ain't kep for nothink! I'd take it wery koind o' your master if he'd 'elp a traveler and his woife, as envies no gentlefolk their good fortun', wi' a bit o' your broken wittles. He'd never know the want of it, nor more would you. Don't bark like that, at poor persons as never done you no 'arm; the poor is down-trodden and broke enough without that; oh, Don't!" He generally heaves a prodigious sigh in moving away, and always looks up the lane and down the lane, and up the road and down the road, before going on.

Both of these orders of tramp are of a very robust habit; let the hard-working laborer at whose cottage-door they prowl and beg have the ague never so badly, these tramps are sure to be in good health.

There is another kind of tramp whom you encounter this bright summer day—say, on a road with the sea-breeze making its dust lively, and sails of ships in the blue distance beyond the slope of Down. As you walk enjoyingly on you descry in the perspective, at the bottom of a steep hill, up which your way lies, a figure that appears to be sitting airily on a gate, whistling in a cheerful and disengaged manner. As you approach nearer to it, you observe the figure to slide down from the gate, to desist from whistling, to uncock its hat, to become tender of foot, to depress its head and elevate its shoulders, and to present all the characteristics of profound despondency. Arriving at the bottom of the hill and coming close to the figure, you observe it to be the figure of a shabby young man. He is moving painfully forward in the direction in which you are going, and his mind is so preoccupied with his misfortunes that he is not aware of your approach until you are close upon him at the hill-foot. When he is aware of you, you discover him to be a remarkably well-behaved young man, and a remarkably well-spoken young man. You know him to be well-behaved by his respectful manner of touching his hat; you know him to be well-spoken by his smooth manner of expressing himself. He says, in a flowing confidential voice, and without punctuation, "I ask your pardon Sir but if you would excuse the liberty of being so addressed upon the public Iway by one who is almost reduced to rags though it as not always been so and by no fault of his own but through ill elth in his family and many unmerited sufferings it would be a great obligation Sir to know the time." You give the well-spoken young man the time. The well-spoken young man, keeping well up with you, resumes: "I am aware Sir that it is a liberty to intrude a further question on a gentleman walking for his entertainment but might I make so bold as ask the favor of the way to Dover Sir and about the distance?" You inform the well-spoken young man that the way to Dover is straight on, and the distance some eighteen miles. The well-spoken young man becomes greatly agitated. "In the condition to which I am reduced," says he, "I could not ope to reach Dover before dark even if my shoes were in a state to take me there or my feet were in a state to old out over the flinty road and were not on the bare ground of which any gentleman has the means to satisfy himself by looking Sir may I take the liberty of speaking to you?" As the well-spoken young man keeps so well up with you that you can't prevent his taking the liberty of speaking to you, he goes on, with fluency: "Sir it is not begging that is my intention for I was brought up by the best of mothers and begging is not my trade I should not know Sir how to follow it as a trade if such were my shameful wishes for the best of mothers long taught otherwise and in the best of omes though now reduced to take the present liberty on the Iway Sir my business was the law-stationering and I was favorably known to the Solicitor-General the Attorney-General the majority of the judges and the ole of the legal profession but through ill elth in my family and the treachery of a friend for whom I became security and he no other than my own wife's brother the brother of my own wife I was cast forth with my tender partner and three young children not to beg for I will sooner die of deprivation but to make my way to the sea-port town of Dover where I have a relative i in respect not only that will assist me but that would trust me with untold gold Sir in appier times and hare this calamity fell upon me I made for my amusement when I little thought that I should ever need it excepting for my air this"—here the well-spoken young man puts his hand into his breast—"this comb! Sir I implore you in the name of charity to purchase a tortoise-shell comb which is a genuine article at any price that your humanity may put upon it and may the blessings of a ouseless family awaiting with beating arts the return of a husband and a father from Dover upon the cold stone seats of London Bridge ever attend you Sir may I take the liberty of speaking to you I implore you to buy this comb!" By this time, being a reasonably good walker, you will have been too much for the well-spoken young man, who will stop short and express his disgust and his want of breath, in a long expectoration, as you leave him behind.

Toward the end of the same walk, on the same bright summer day, at the corner of the next little town or village, you may find another kind of tramp, embodied in the persons of a most exemplary couple whose only improvidence appears to have been that they spent the last of their little All on soap. They are a man and woman, spotless to behold—John Anderson, with the frost on his short smock-frock instead of his "pow," attended by Mrs. Anderson. John is over-ostentatious of the frost upon his raiment, and wears a curious and, you would say, an almost unnecessary demonstration of girdle of white linen wound about his waist—a girdle, snowy as Mrs. Anderson's apron. This cleanliness was the expiring effort of the respectable couple, and nothing then remained to Mr. Anderson but to get chalked upon his spade in snow-white copy-book characters, HUNGRY! and to sit down here. Yes; one thing more remained to Mr. Anderson—his character; Monarchs could not deprive him of his hard-earned character. Accordingly, as you come up with this spectacle of virtue in distress, Mrs. Anderson rises, and with a decent courtesy, presents for your consideration a certificate from a Doctor of Divinity, the reverend the Vicar of Upper Dodgington, who informs his Christian friends and all whom it may concern that the bearers, John Anderson and lawful wife, are persons to whom you can not be too liberal. This benevolent pastor omitted no work of his hands to fit the good couple out; for with half an eye you can recognize his autograph on the spade.

Another class of tramp is a man, the most valuable part of whose stock-in-trade is a highly perplexed demeanor. He is got up like a countryman, and you will often come upon the poor fellow while he is endeavoring to decipher the inscription on a milestone—quite a fruitless endeavor, for he can not read. He asks your pardon, he truly does (he is very slow of speech, this tramp, and he looks, in a bewildered way, all round the prospect while he talks to you), but all of us shold do as we wold be done by, and he'll take it kind if you'll put a power man in the right road fur to jine his eldest son as has broke his leg bad in the masoning, and is in this heere Orspit'l as is wrote down by Squire Pouncerby's own hand as wold not tell a lie fur no man. He then produces from under his dark frock (being always very slow and perplexed) a neat but worn old leathern purse, from which he takes a scrap of paper. On this scrap of paper is written, by Squire Pouncerby, of The Grove, "Please to direct the Bearer, a poor but very worthy man, to the Sussex County Hospital, near Brighton"—a matter of some difficulty at the moment, seeing that the request comes suddenly upon you in the depths of Hertfordshire. The more you endeavor to indicate where Brighton is—when you have with the greatest difficulty remembered—the less the devoted father can be made to comprehend, and the more obtusely he stares at the prospect; whereby, being reduced to extremity, you recommend the faithful parent to begin by going to Saint Albans, and present him with half a crown. It does him good, no doubt, but scarcely helps him forward, since you find him lying drunk that same evening in the wheelwright's sawpit, under the shed where the felled trees are, opposite the sign of the Three Jolly Hedgers.

But the most vicious by far of all the idle tramps is the tramp who pretends to have been a gentleman. "Educated," he writes from the village beershop in pale ink of a ferruginous complexion—"educated at Trin. Coll. Cam.—nursed in the lap of afluence—once in my small way the pattron of the Muses," etc., etc., etc.—surely a sympathetic mind will not withhold a trifle to help on to the market-town, where he thinks of giving a Lecture to the *fruges consumere nati*, on things in general? This shameful creature, lolling about hedge tap-rooms in his ragged clothes, now so far from being black that they look as if they never can have been black, is more selfish and insolent than even the savage tramp. He would sponge on the poorest boy for a farthing, and spurn him when he had got it; he would interpose (if he could get any thing by it) between the baby and the mother's breast. So much lower than the company he keeps for his maudlin assumption of being higher, this pitiless rascal blights the summer road as he maunders on between the luxuriant hedges, where (to my thinking) even the wild convolvulus and rose and sweet-brier are the worse for his going by, and need time to recover from the taint of him in the air.

The young fellows who trudge along barefoot, five or six together, their boots slung over their shoulders, their shabby bundles under their arms, their sticks newly cut from some roadside wood, are not eminently prepossessing, but are much less objectionable. There is a tramp-fellowship among them. They pick one another up at resting stations, and go on in companies. They always go at a fast swing—though they generally limp too—and there is invariably one of the company who has much ado to keep up with the rest. They generally talk about horses, and any other means of locomotion than walking; or, one of the company relates some recent experiences of the road—which are always disputes and difficulties. As for example: "So as I'm a standing at the pump in the market, blest if there don't come up a Beadle, and he ses, 'Mustn't stand here,' he ses. 'Why not?' I ses. 'No beggars allowed in this town,' he ses. 'Who's a beggar?' I ses. 'You are,' he says. 'Who ever see *me* beg? Did *you*?' I ses. 'Then you're a tramp,' he ses. 'I'd rather be that than a Beadle,' I ses." (The company express great approval.) "'Would you?' he ses to me. 'Yes I would,' I ses to him. 'Well,' he says, 'anyhow, get out of this town.' 'Why, blow your little town!' I ses, 'who wants to be in it? Wot does your dirty little town mean by comin' and stickin' itself in the road to any where? Why don't you get a shovel and a barrer, and clear your town out o' people's way?'" (The company expressing the highest approval and laughing aloud, they all go down the hill.)

I have my eye upon a piece of Kentish road, bordered on either side by a wood, and having on one hand, between the road-dust and the trees, a skirting patch of grass. Wild flowers grow in abundance on this spot, and it lies high and airy, with the distant river stealing steadily away to the ocean, like a man's life. To gain the milestone here, which the moss, primroses, violets, bluebells, and wild roses would soon render illegible but for peering travelers pushing them aside with their sticks, you must come up a steep hill, come which way you may. So, all the tramps with carts or caravans—the Gipsy-tramp, the Show-tramp, the Cheap Jack—find it impossible to resist the temptations of the place, and all turn the horse loose when they come to it, and boil the pot.

Within appropriate distance of this magic ground, though not so near it as that the song trolled from tap or bench at door, can invade its woodland silence, is a little hostelry which no man possessed of a penny was ever known to pass in warm weather. Before its entrance are certain pleasant trimmed limes: likewise a cool well, with so musical a bucket-handle that its fall upon the bucket-rim will make a horse prick up its ears and neigh upon the droughty road half a mile off. This is a house of great resort for hay-making tramps and harvest tramps, insomuch that as they sit within, drinking their mugs of beer, their relinquished scythes and reaping-hooks glare out of the open windows, as if the whole establishment were a family war-coach of Ancient Britons. Later in the season the whole country-side, for miles and miles, will swarm with hopping tramps. They come in families—men, women, and children—every family provided with a bundle of bedding, an iron pot, a number of babies, and too often with some poor sick creature quite unfit for the rough life for whom they suppose the smell of the fresh hop to be a sovereign remedy. Many of these hoppers are Irish, but many come from London. They crowd all the roads, and camp under all the hedges and on all the scraps of common land, and live among and upon the hops until they are all picked, and the hop-gardens, so beautiful through the summer, look as if they had been laid waste by an invading army.

THE SISTERS—AND MAX GREY.

A little past midnight. Just then a candle lighted the walls and appointments of the coziest little bedroom you ever saw. Alice and Lina had just come in—gay, but a little weary with the night's revel, each both flushed and pale with the lingerings of social excitement. The company had all gone, leaving the drawing-room blank with that desolateness which follows so close on the heels of a crowd. A few scattered articles had been mechanically replaced, and the sisters had tripped up the staircase with an elasticity more of excitement than vigor.

Half an hour after Alice was sitting in her own little rocking-chair, close by the warm grate, with tiny, slipperless feet on the fender; her silken, golden hair streaming carelessly upon her neck; and Lina standing behind her, slowly smoothing the ringlets with fingers and comb.

The lily cheek of the fair-haired girl rested upon fingers of coral slenderness and whiteness; the light eyebrows drooped over half-sleeping, but sweetly pensive and clear-blue eyes; and the loosely belted wrapper reflected the outline of a delicate young form.

The sister who stood behind the chair, performing in her turn the pleasant, sisterly office, afforded a contrast. Her hair was dark, her eyes black. There was a roundness and fullness of arm and figure, with a certain glow of cheek and diffusiveness of tint, that told of more definite maturity—of passionateness and a kind of strength. Even here, in the sacred quiet of the sisters' chamber—the pleasant little chamber, with its crimson drooping curtain, its two little tables, and one snowy bed—with its few but choice engravings on the walls, its vases of fresh flowers, its bit of ribbon over the mirror, its pairs of slippers in the corner—her dark eye had a glow, and in her cheek was a flush of restlessness, and life, and earnestness.

These were very differing flowers to be blossoming from the same stem.

Though a little chatty—as sisters will be over a revel like that—both were unusually quiet and pensive to-night, while performing the sisterly offices of the toilet, or gazing demurely into the grate, or sitting side by side, with Alice's head on Lina's shoulder, with arms or fingers intertwining.

Curiously enough, both were busy with the same topic of thought. Each shrank from giving words to her musings; and each was unconscious of the other's reflections. The subject of the sisters' reverie was none other than Max Grey, a school-day lover of Lina, who had gone to India when only a lad, and returned a man of presence and power but a little while ago. This was not the first encounter since the return; yet it was one of a brief series. The lad's pale face had been changed for the rough dark of manhood, though many traces of its early intellectuality and even contour yet remained.

Though it must be confessed that Lina had well-nigh forgotten the somewhat intense school-girl love of many years ago, it is not to be wondered at that something of old association was kindled and renewed in the presence of the half stranger, nor that the girl still felt herself possessed of a wee bit of title in the new-old friend; albeit the boy of fifteen had been built upon and almost hidden by the accumulations of years, as the old feudal mansions are half buried in the reconstructings of centuries.

Lina loved him—reloved him. That is certain; and it is equally certain that old memories, or something, made her hopeful and even confident.

"Alice," said Lina, bending over and kissing her, "you looked *so* beautiful to-night I wondered all the evening that any body could withstand you, and I doubt whether they could, you little minx!" And Lina pinched the white neck playfully, leaving the print of the thumb and finger in a deeper whiteness, to be more than overcome by a crimsoning after.

Alice looked up quietly, and fixing her clear blue eyes on her sister, rejoined, "Oh, Lina, I wish I were brilliant and beautiful and attractive like you. Instead of that, I am only a little noiseless thing, to be put in a corner and looked at from a distance."

Lina whipped the pretty little arm with a rosebud by way of reply; and the rosebud being big, a little blush spot followed the infliction.

"At a distance! Pshaw, my little lily-bud, who did you dance with to-night?"

"Dance with? Mr. Norton, for one."

"Yes, the handsomest man in the room. But who else?"

"Mr. Jenks, Dr. Andrews, and Mr. Butler."

"Yes, each of them the very first in his line, and yet my little Alice is not attractive!" And Lina smiled very archly, and patted her under the chin.

"But who else, sis; you've not mentioned the greatest and best yet."

"Who do you mean?"

"Max Grey."

"Oh yes! But he danced with me for your sake, I suppose, Lina:" and Alice laughed a little.

Lina laid her flushed cheek upon the white shoulder, let the long tresses fall over her face, and was quiet. Alice had not quite meant what she said, and so, feeling almost guilty, she was quiet. Then her thoughts clustered about a certain something in his tone and manner, and she went through it all again, wondering if he only thought of her as a to-be sister. These thoughts made her sad in spite of all her strength, and she seemed to herself very wicked.

After the candle was extinguished the young girl slipped a white rosebud between the leaves of the Bible and closed the book, thinking all the while of a deep dark eye, and a heavy though musical voice.

When the fair sisters, with clasped fingers, fell into dreaminess, each had a love and a hope in her heart.

Max Grey came to the home of the sisters often. The three formed a curious picture. Max, full of life and fire—not especially prominent because of a dignified self-control, but evidently playing under the crust of his manner, and bursting out now and then; Alice, fair, slight, gentle, though really brilliant in her quiet, unthinking way; Lina, buoyant, sparkling, assured, dashing, with a rich blood-tint in her face, and black passionate eyes.

Max had a great deal to say to Lina, with only now and then a word, and it seemed sometimes but a glance or two, for Alice. And yet Alice never felt herself slighted or alone. There was a "something," and her little heart fluttered about that something. And this in spite of a deep sense of selfishness which made her feel that never, in all her life, was she so wicked before. Oh, the bitter self-examinations! The child came out from these deep in-turnings satisfied that in her inmost soul was never the shadow of a wish to steal a love that belonged to Lina; and yet, when Max was with them and she felt that "something," her little heart would flutter as the thought would spring into it that possibly Max Grey hadn't loved at all—before. He had never said to Lina that he loved her, she was sure.

These thoughts were very troublesome. They were very selfish, very wicked. Alice prayed, in whispers, with her hand on her restless little heart, for strength to conquer this wild beating. And then she schooled her thoughts so carefully, was very strict with her eyes even—wouldn't look at Max. Indeed, the little creature held herself very tight; and when she thought of Max and Lina—so like in temperament, her earnest life-full nature so matching his deep passionateness and strength—it seemed so fit and natural that two so similar should be together that Alice felt herself very strong, and really hoped that Lina would win the noble Max. She was quite willing—she knew she was. Indeed, she was very, very strong, and wouldn't be wicked any more.

By-and-by Max called, and Lina was out. From the moment of his entrance Alice felt the pressure of a weight. She raised the window—the air was so heavy. She touched the piano-keys; but the sound was slow and dull. She tried to laugh at a witticism, but it ended in only a smile. Max came across the room and sat beside her. She longed to fly—to run away—any thing; but the air had grown heavier and heavier, and she couldn't move.

Max Grey—the great and strong Max Grey—bent, trembling, over the little delicate flower, and whispered in her ear. Alice wept as though her heart would break; but Max went away with a kiss on his lips.

That night Alice was crying herself to sleep when Lina came to take her place by her side. Lina begged to know what it was, coaxed, pleaded, promised any thing, every thing, if she would only tell.

"Max Grey loves me."

"And you love him."

The little sister only flung her arms about the neck of the stronger, and sobbed in perfect abandonment of grief.

The blood left the cheek of the older sister—left the neck, the fingers, and lips, while the veins rounded out in unnatural fullness, blue through the thin white skin.

Strong natures conquer or die. Lina conquered. Conquered after one night of effort such as she had never known before; while Alice lay weeping upon her pillow, gushingly, and forgetful of all things but the sister at her side.

Just as the gray dawn lit the eastern sky, the sisters, hand in hand, kneeled by the bedside, and Lina prayed. Prayed for strength, prayed for *them;* and when the prayer was ended it was all over.

It *was* all over. From that moment no trace other than calmness was ever seen of all this tumult.

One secret Alice kept from Max through all the years of their wedded life—for Lina's sake.

THE TWO FINGERS.

At the extremity of a little country town at no great distance from Tours, on the high coach-road from Paris to Bordeaux, there stood, about thirty years ago, a pretty way-side inn with white walls, and a swinging sign bearing the effigy of *Le Grand Roi*, otherwise Henry IV.

It was during a November evening, in the year 1818, when the wind was sighing and surging without, and the rain plashing down with uncompromising resolution, that the worthy landlord of *Le Grand Roi*, the honest but somewhat imperious M. Ebrard, his three children, and one of his neighbors, who had taken shelter from the inclemency of the weather at his comfortable hearth, were seated round an enormous fire of pine-logs, talking over the local gossip, and enjoying themselves as those only can do who feel a sensation of security from the inflictions of such a storm.

"Marie," said Mr. Ebrard, addressing a young girl who was seated near him, "go and fetch two bottles of my best wine. You know where to find it: on the left hand, at the far-end of the cellar."

At these words, uttered in a harsh and imperative tone, the young girl started as if awakened out of a dream, and, as it seemed, instinctively threw back upon the speaker a haughty and indignant glance; but she recovered herself in an instant, and lighting a small hand-lamp, she left the room without remonstrance or remark.

Whoever could have looked on that young girl as she lighted her lamp, and then returned from the cellar with the wine in her hand, must have been struck by the immobility of her features and the excessive pallor of her complexion; for no marble statue could have been colder and more impassive in appearance. Beautiful she was in no ordinary degree, and both her face and figure were perfect, but it was a beauty and a perfection which were unearthly in character, and altogether incompatible with the scenes and persons with which she was associated. She was not the daughter of M. Ebrard. Nature could not so far have belied herself. She was the only child of one who had been a merchant of great wealth and high standing, but who, having ruined himself by injudicious speculations, and not being possessed of sufficient moral courage to face his reverses, had terminated his own existence, leaving his penniless widow and helpless orphan to battle with a world by which he, the strong man, had been worsted. The former died; the latter was a servant in the inn.

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Still the wind roared in the wide chimney, and the rain plashed against the windows, as unremittingly as though the storm had only just commenced, and had, as yet, had no time to exhaust itself.

Suddenly two distinct blows were heard on the house-door, given apparently with the handle of a riding-whip, and the men removed their pipes from their mouths and listened; Marie started like a person suddenly awakened from a heavy sleep.

The door opened; a fine-looking young man threw off his large wrapping-cloak, dripping with mud and rain, made one bound toward the blazing fire, and seated himself upon the bench opposite to Marie, saying, in a clear, joyous voice, "This is charming, this is delicious, mine host! Had you expected me, I could not have wished a pleasanter welcome. And now I must ask you to hasten my supper, for I want to get off by the *patache* to —— to-morrow at daybreak; I should like to go to bed as early as I can."

During this little speech the eyes of Marie and the stranger met more than once; and while he examined her with undisguised admiration and astonishment, she, on her side, was for the first time aroused into something like interest in what was passing around her: the pale cheek flushed to the tint of a hedge-rose, and the curved and flexile lips quivered with a nervous movement; while her head drooped upon her bosom, bowed down by a new and vague emotion, to which she could have given no name. A ray of light had mysteriously penetrated the darkness and desolation of her spirit; for the first time since her mother's death she felt as though she were no longer alone.

The supper was served, and in less than twenty minutes had disappeared; and then M. Ebrard once more aroused her by harshly desiring that she would light a candle, and conduct Monsieur to his chamber.

The poor girl passively obeyed, and led the way to a large and cheerful room on the first story.

"You can not be the daughter of the landlord?" said Adolphe de Rosval, as she placed the light upon a table.

"I am not, Monsieur," replied Marie; and a vivid blush overspread her cheeks.

"I thought so. Those white and delicate hands, and that crimson brow, are evidence to the contrary at this moment. Have you many travelers in the house to-night?"

"You are the only one."

"I am glad of it, for your sake. What is your name, Mademoiselle?"

"Marie, Monsieur."

"The sweetest of all names! It becomes you well."

"Does Monsieur require any thing more?" asked the girl, timidly.

"Nothing," said the young man, bowing as courteously as though she had been some high-born dame. "Good-night!"

The salutation was returned, the door of the chamber closed, and Marie descended the stairs, stumbling at every step.

When she returned to the kitchen she found that the peasant neighbor had availed himself of a sudden change in the weather to wend his way homeward, and that the two boys had retired to their bed in the *grenier;* but her father was not alone. A second traveler had taken up his rest at *Le Grand Roi*, and she examined him with a sudden and inexplicable feeling of curiosity. He was a man of between forty and fifty years of age, tall and powerful, with broad shoulders and ample chest; his grizzled hair was brushed low upon his forehead, and there was a sinister expression in his eyes; but his features were well-formed, and his manner self-possessed and easy. It was at once evident to her that his appearance had greatly impressed M. Ebrard, who was waiting upon him with the utmost obsequiousness.

"I imagine," he said, just as she entered, "that I must be your only *pratique* to-night, for the weather will have kept all comfort-loving people under their own roofs?"

"Pardon me, Monsieur," was the reply; "the room next to your own is already occupied by a young man who arrived little more than an hour ago; but there is no fear that he will disturb you, for he appears to be a perfect gentleman, and is moreover so tired, and so anxious to get on, that he leaves us at daybreak to-morrow."

The brow of the stranger darkened, and he made no reply.

"Be careful," he said a few minutes afterward, "to call me in the morning at seven o'clock, for I must be at Tours by mid-day. Ah! by-the-by, I shall require a saddle-horse—let one be ready for me, as my time is precious."

"My neighbor, Marie-Joseph Carnac," responded the landlord, "has the best roadster in the district; he can be here by half-past six."

"Good!" said the guest; "then I will follow the example of your other inmate, and betake myself to rest."

"Marie, a light!" cried Ebrard; and the young girl once more ascended the stairs to marshal the new-comer to his room.

Adolphe was, as we have stated, already in bed, with the candle still burning upon his table. He had as yet been unable to sleep; his brain was too busy. His newly-acquired rank; the anticipated meeting with his parents and his sisters; and, mingled with these proud and happy thoughts, the mystery attached to Marie, had made him wakeful; so that when he heard the heavy tread of a man's foot traversing the passage, and passing the door of his room, he was conscious of every sound. Suddenly a thought struck him; and, springing to the floor, he took a key from his waistcoat pocket, opened his trunk, and seizing his uniform sword, which lay upon the top, placed it under his pillow.

Midnight struck from the old clock in the kitchen, and all was profoundly silent in the house, but still Adolphe remained sleepless; when suddenly he was startled by a sound which appeared to him like that of a key slowly turned in the lock. He listened attentively; but as it was not repeated he concluded that he had been the sport of his own over-excited nerves, and drawing the bed-clothes closer about him, he determined to profit by the few hours which were left, and to endeavor to obtain some rest. He had scarcely begun to sleep, however, when he was a second time disturbed, and on this occasion he was at once convinced that he had made no mistake. Some one was endeavoring to enter his room. The candle had burned out; but grasping his sword, he noiselessly groped his way to the door, and stood motionless beside it. About five minutes afterward the noise ceased, and he began to hope that the would-be intruder had abandoned all hope of invading his privacy, whatever might have been his motive for seeking to do so. He had carefully locked the door of his room, and had little fear that the fastening could be forced; but accidentally casting his eyes on the floor, he saw by the light of the moon which gleamed full upon the window of his room, and which, rendered more vivid by its contrast from the subsided storm, was pouring out its chastened radiance from a now cloudless sky, that a hand had been introduced between the boards of his chamber and the bottom of the door, and was seeking to lift it from its hinges. This was too much: and steadily raising his sword above his head, he struck downward with all his force upon the hand thus traitorously employed. A smothered groan fell upon his ear, and then a half-articulated curse. These were succeeded by a sound of stealthy steps retreating along the passage, and ere long all was still—but two bleeding fingers remained lying upon the floor!

Adolphe rushed to the fire-place; a few warm fragments of wood enabled him to light a second candle which stood upon the chimney-piece, and he then proceeded to examine the hideous trophy of his victory. For a moment he shrank from touching the first "fleshing" of his maiden-sword, but he rapidly overcame the weakness, and picking up the severed fingers, he carefully washed away the blood, and folded them up in his handkerchief.

"On the honor of a *sous-lieutenant*," he murmured to himself, "that was a lucky stroke, and really, for a robber, the fingers are passably slender and the nails tolerably clean. Well, I suppose that all is over for to-night; so, as I am shivering with cold, I had better go to my bed again."

Adolphe was young and fearless; and in a quarter of an hour he was sound asleep.

Day was breaking when the landlord awoke our hero, who accepted, with considerable satisfaction, a cup of excellent coffee, prepared by the delicate hands of Marie. As he did so he instinctively cast a glance at those of M. Ebrard, and had no sooner ascertained that they were intact than he began to relate to him his nocturnal adventure, and to point to the blood upon the floor of the chamber, and to the ghastly parcel upon the chair. The honest landlord turned ashy white as he listened, and clung to the arm of Adolphe for support; but he had no sooner rallied than he rushed toward the room of his elder guest. The door was open. He drew back the curtains of the bed, and found it empty; traces of blood were distinguishable in the direction of the window, which was also open; he looked out; the heavy impress of a man's foot was visible on the soft soil of the garden, which abutted on the high road; and thus M. Ebrard, excited as he was, soon convinced himself that the mutilated robber could be no other than the stately traveler who had honored his poor house on the preceding night.

His indignation and horror were extreme; and he had no sooner seen Adolphe depart than he hurried off to acquaint the police with what had occurred; not forgetting to relieve his mind by the way by communicating to every acquaintance whom he met the particulars of the tragedy which had desecrated the hitherto respectable auberge of *Le Grand Roi*.

Adolphe de Resval reached his home about midday. As he was not expected, and accompanied his first greetings with the welcome intelligence of his new honors, his appearance was hailed with the most vehement joy. His fond mother wept as she held him to her heart, and his sisters clung to him with mingled tenderness and pride.

"Only think, mamma; he is an officer already! Is it not charming? What will papa say?"

"But where is my father?" asked the young man: "*his* welcome is still wanting."

"You know he is often from home," said Madame de Resval; "and we are as little as ever in his confidence. He left us three days ago; but we expect him home to-day."

"And is he still as low-spirited and as silent as when I saw him last?" inquired Adolphe.

"Unfortunately, yes," replied the gentle matron. "I fear that he has involved himself in speculations beyond our means; and that the idea of having compromised the future welfare of his children presses heavily upon him. But your unlooked-for return, Adolphe, and your happy tidings, will, I trust, restore him to cheerfulness."

As soon as the family circle had become somewhat more composed, and that one person was at length permitted to speak at a time, Adolphe was overwhelmed with questions, every member of the party being anxious to learn all that he had done since their last parting.

"It is, at all events, a blessing," said his mother, as she fondly passed her hand over his hair, "that you have performed your journey without any accident, my son, however monotonous you may have found it."

"Nay, *ma bonne mère*," smiled Adolphe, "it was not altogether so monotonous as you may imagine; for I at least met with one adventure strange enough to bear telling."

"An adventure, and a strange one!" exclaimed his sisters, simultaneously. "Oh, Adolphe, let us hear it."

He complied with their request; and no cheek around him grew paler than his own as he recalled the extraordinary event of the previous night.

"And, by-the-by," he added, when he had brought his narrative to a close, "I must not forget to tell you that I carried away with me the undeniable proofs of my victory. Here they are." And as he spoke he drew a handkerchief from his pocket, in which something was evidently folded.

At that very instant the door of the room opened, and a man entered, large in stature, but pale and weak, and with his clothes saturated with rain. He could scarcely stagger to a chair before he sank down like one whose vital powers were utterly exhausted; and in a moment the whole family were crowded about him.

"My father! my dear father!" exclaimed Adolphe. "Weary as you evidently are, how thankful I am that you have returned! I have news for you that will, I know, be welcome."

As he spoke the young man extended his hand, but the action met with no response; and as he glanced toward that which was so strangely withheld he remarked that it was enveloped in a blood-stained linen.

"What!" he asked, anxiously, "are you suffering from more than fatigue? Have you been wounded?"

"Yes," was the faint reply. "As I was coming through the forest, four leagues from this, I was attacked by brigands. I had heard that they were in the neighborhood; but I believed it to be an idle rumor. I endeavored to defend myself; and in the fray one of the ruffians struck off two of my fingers. I am faint from loss of blood. Give me some wine, and I shall soon be better."

Madame de Rosval hurried to the sideboard, and with a trembling hand and swimming eyes brought the required refreshment; while the two elder girls wound their arms about their father's neck, and wept piteously. Adolphe stood motionless, like one in a frightful dream. But little Rosalie, the pet and plaything of the family, too young to comprehend the sorrow on which she looked, and full of curiosity to see what her soldier-brother had really brought home, busied herself in unfolding the handkerchief which had fallen from his hand on the entrance of his father, and she had no sooner succeeded than, clapping her chubby hands in childish delight, she called out, almost breathlessly,

"Mamma! mamma! Adolphe has got the two fingers he cut off at the inn. Give them to poor papa, and then he will be quite well again."

In another hour M. de Rosval was in the hands of justice. The landland of *Le Grand Roi* had been so active in his exertions to redeem the honor of his house that the *gens d'armes* had tracked the culprit by the traces of his blood; and in the extremity of their anguish his family had forgotten to urge upon him a second flight.

On the 20th of December the assize court of

Tours was filled to overflowing. The event was one productive of unusual excitement; the idle and the unfeeling were on the tip-toe of expectation. A drama of real life, and involving real suffering, was to be concluded before their very eyes. A father was about to be tried for the attempted murder of his son; and, moreover, the prisoner was no common criminal, but a man of old and honored family. No wonder that the whole city was convulsed with curiosity and animation!

The court had assembled; the prisoner was ushered to his seat; the jury were duly sworn, and the proceedings commenced.

Pale, agitated, and painfully excited, Adolphe de Rosval replied to the summons of the *greffier*, and prepared to give his evidence. He was closely wrapped in a large military cloak, but raised his right hand steadily, and repeated the oath in a clear and audible voice.

"What is your name?" demanded the President.

"Adolphe Ernest Leon de Rosval."

"Your profession?'

"Pupil of St. Cyr; sub-lieutenant of the —— regiment of the line."

"Your age?"

"Nineteen."

Then followed the whole detail of the nocturnal attempt upon his life, or, as he persisted in believing it to be, upon his property; but he was, as a necessary consequence of his position throughout the adventure, unable to establish the identity of the culprit. Not once had he ventured to turn his eyes toward the *Banc d'Infamie*, on which his wretched father was seated between two *gens d'armes;* and the President, touched by the painfulness of his position, gave him permission to withdraw.

Jean Antoine Ebrard was the next witness called. He had been dead three weeks.

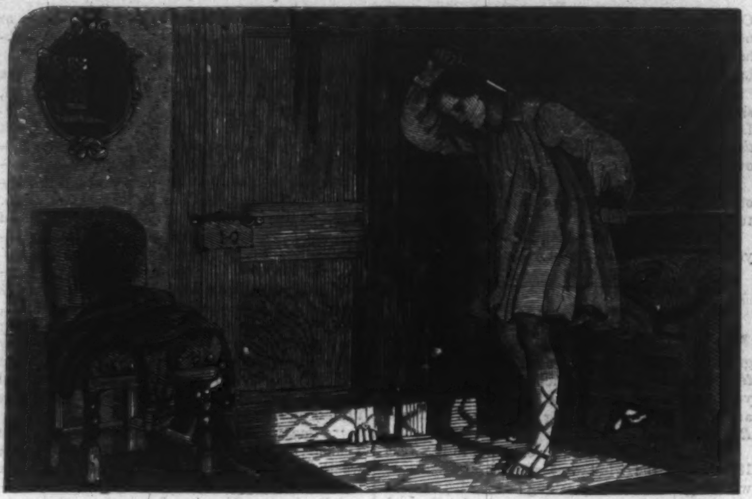
As the third name rang through the hall a young girl, dressed in deep mourning, and wearing a long black vail which concealed her face, was led to the witness-chair. As she took the oath she trembled violently; but when desired to say if she recognized the prisoner, she answered, firmly, "No."

Poor Marie! She had perjured herself to save the father of the youth to whom, in one short hour, she had given away her heart. Adolphe had been, as we have already said, the solitary ray of brightness which had pierced through the darkness of her lot; and in seeking to save him one bitter pang she had periled her own soul.

The circumstantial evidence against M. de Rosval was overwhelming, but still failed to establish the identity of the culprit. The evidence of the landlord or his step-daughter must have condemned him; but the one was dead, and the other had positively sworn that she had never seen him before.

After the counsel for the prosecution (*procureur de roi*) had addressed the court, the counsel for the prisoner made an able speech, in which he strenuously endeavored to prove an *alibi*. He stated that it was impossible to prove that the prisoner at the bar had slept at the auberge of *Le Grand Roi* on the night of the mysterious event which had led to the present trial, since the only witness now alive, who must have seen him had such been the case, had solemnly assured the court that she did not recognize him. "No, gentlemen of the jury," he concluded, "the accused has been a victim, not an assassin. That he has been mutilated by violence is certain; but he has explained, in the clearest manner, the cause of this unfortunate coincidence; and the sword of the son is unstained by the father's blood."

"To prove which fact," exclaimed a hollow and almost inarticulate voice from amidst the crowd in the body of the court, "there are the fingers which I cut off under the door of my room." And as Adolphe ceased speaking an officer of the court laid them upon the desk of the President.



THE MYSTERIOUS FINGERS.

Having silently examined them, an expression of astonishment was visible upon the countenance of the learned judge, who handed them to the *procureur*, by whom they were in turn transferred to the jury-box. It was at once perceived that the severed fingers thus produced in evidence had belonged to the left hand, while M. de Rosval was mutilated in the right!

Three days subsequently Adolphe had ceased to live. Mortification had supervened upon the frightful wound which he had inflicted upon himself, in order to save the life of his father, and to preserve the honor of his family.

The young soldier's career was over; his dream of fame had gone down with him to the grave. He met Marie once more: they had been self-sacrificed in a common cause. Each appreciated the devotion of the other—each felt that thenceforward they had done with the world, and the world with them. Adolphe de Rosval lies in the cemetery of his native town; and Marie Delfour, after performing a penance of many years as a Sister of Charity, has found a grave in one of the West Indian Islands.

THE PALACE AT PALERMO.

Our readers will be glad to see the accompanying picture of the royal palace at Palermo, which figures so prominently in the stirring news from Europe. This palace, which is one of the great attractions of Palermo, was first built near a thousand years ago, by the Saracens, and was afterward considerably altered by the Normans. Its architecture bears many marks of both styles. The apartments are handsome; the roofs are arched, the floors marble, and the furniture classic and suitable. On a pillar in front of the palace stands the "last ram" of Syracuse. Once there were four of them, which used to stand at the four corners of the town, with gaping mouths: the wind rushing through their hollow bodies sounded sonorously, and enabled the mariners of those days to say whence it blew. The palace is seldom occupied by any of the royal family of Naples. It is the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor, whose functions consist in receiving the citizens; while *sbirri* and military despots carry on the business of government.

By this time, doubtless, the palace is in the hands of Garibaldi, and the Bourbon stamp is effaced from its front. It 's high time. This palace was the spot where the famous massacre known as the Sicilian Vespers was planned and commenced. God grant that the victorious revolutionists may not have stained their triumph by deeds of retribution which may recall that terrible event!

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES:

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.
(HARRY GRINGO),
AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE MOUSE THAT GNAWED THE NET.

As the powder vomited forth its dreadful thunder, and as the stones and timbers from the blasted den were hurled high in air and were scattered by the explosive whirlwind far and near, some of the splinters and fragments came down in dropping hail upon the red-tiled sheds and the Doctor's dwelling. At the first shock the lonely child started up in his little bed, and while the earth rocked and the stones came pelting and crashing on the roof, he screamed, "Maman! maman!" No loving echo came back to those innocent lips, and naught was heard save the crackling of the flame beyond, licking its tongue along the dry timber and roaring joyously as it was fed. "Maman! chère maman!"

Yet no answer, and still the savage flames came careering wildly on till the very stones of the court-yard cracked like slates, while the burning flakes and cinders loaded the air, and the eddying volumes of smoke reeled in dense clouds and poured their suffocating breath into the room where the forsaken child was crying.

One more panting, helpless cry, and the little fellow instinctively flew through the open door-way, where, blinded and choking with the devastating element around him, he staggered feebly beyond its influence. Yet again a flurry of thick smoke lighted up the forked and vivid flames and chased the child before it.

Oh, fond mother! in your poignant grief for the loss of your poor drowned boy you were spared the agony of seeing him, even in imagination, struggling faintly before that tempest of fire and smoke, calling plaintively for her on whose tender bosom his head had rested, while his naked feet were cut and bruised by the sharp coral shingle beneath them. But onward and onward the boy wandered, and fortunately his footsteps took the path into a purer atmosphere which led toward the chapel. Here he looked timidly around at the lurid glare behind him, and then entered the church and sank down exhausted, his feverish, smarting eyes closing in slumber on the hard pavement beneath the image of the Virgin Mary.

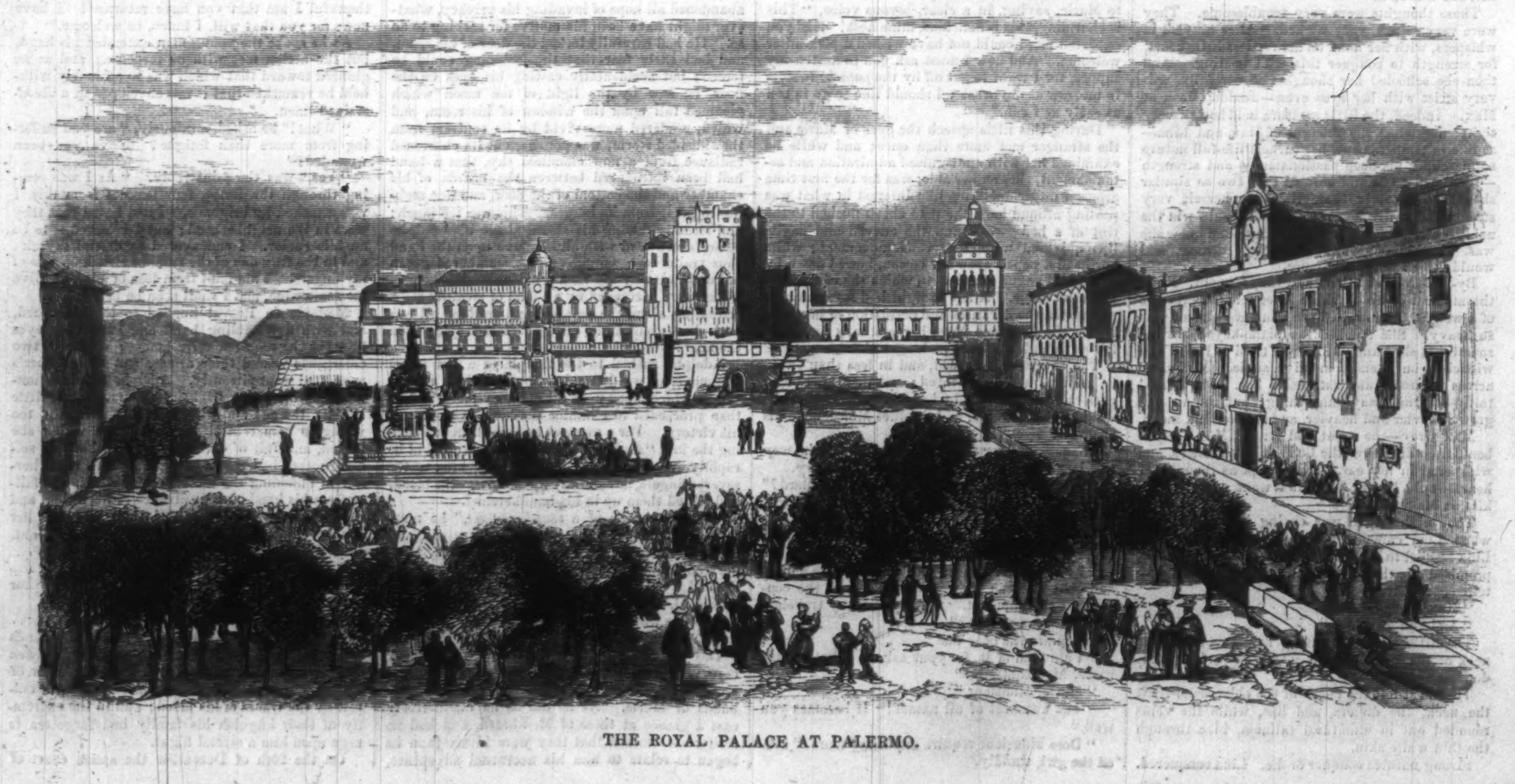
Then came the close and sultry night—no murmur of a land wind to drive the smoky canopy away—the black cinders falling in burning rain on basin, thicket, and lagoon, till even the very lizards and scorpions hid themselves deep within the holes and crevices of the rocks. Midnight came. The dim and silent stars were obscured by a vail of heavy clouds, and with a low muttering sound of thunder the vapory masses unclosed their portals and the rain fell in torrents. The flames, now nearly satisfied with their work, leaped out occasionally from the fallen ruins, but were quenched by the tropical deluge and smouldered away amidst the charred and saturated timbers. Then the thunder ceased, the lizards and scorpions came from their retreats, the teal fluttered over the lagoon, and the noise of the waves bursting over the reef came again to the ear. Still there was no breath of air—the atmosphere was thick and damp, and out from the mangrove thickets and wide expanse of cactus swarms of insects, mosquitoes and sand-flies in myriads went buzzing and singing in the sultry, murky night.

So dragged on the weary hours until day broke again, and the sea-birds floated off seaward for their morning's meal, and the flying-fish skipped with their silvery wings from wave to wave, as the dolphins glittered in gold and purple after them below the blue water. No bright and blazing sun came over the hills of Cuba to light up this picture, but all was blight and gloom, with murky masses of dead, still clouds hanging low down over the island.

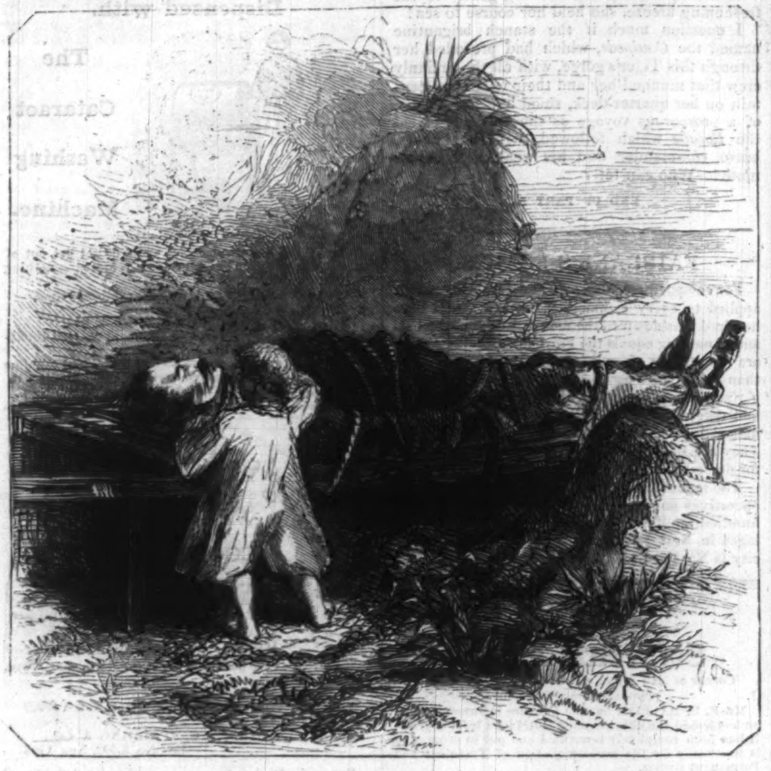
The little suffering boy lying there on the coral pavement, with his head resting on the thin delicate arm, with pale sweet face turned half upward toward the Virgin, gave a feeble cry and opened his eyes. He rose to a sitting posture, with his little hands resting on his lap and little ragged shirt. Then, with his dim hazel eyes fixed upon the painting, while the tears coursed slowly down his pallid cheeks, he put forth his hands in a childish movement of supplication and murmured again his tearful prayer, "Maman! maman!"

Presently rising, he turned his feeble footsteps toward the door-way, and as his eye caught the stone bowl of holy water standing on its coral pedestal near the portal, he bent down his feverish head and slaked his parched lips. Revived by this, he timidly looked out from the chapel, and shuddering as he beheld the gloomy wilderness around, he once more screamed in a thin piercing cry, "Maman! oh, ma chère maman!"

That was the last sad wail for help for many and many a long year that those infant lips



THE ROYAL PALACE AT PALERMO.



"AH, HENRI, SEE IF YOU CAN NOT SLIP THAT PRETTY SILK ROPE OVER MY HEAD."

were destined to utter; and when he again called upon that dear name his manly arms would clasp a joyful mother to his swelling heart.

"Henri!" came back like an echo in a clear shout to the shriek of the boy. "Henri! Henri!" was reiterated again and again, each time in a voice that seemed to split asunder the canopy of clouds above.

The boy started and listened; "Henri! Henri! this way to your good friend the Doctor! Quick, my little boy!"

Now with the step of a fawn the child ran out upon the sharp sandy esplanade, and following the voice as he tripped lightly through the narrow pathway of the needle-pointed cactus, in a moment he stopped, with a look of horror, beside the trestle on which the bound and nearly naked man was stretched.

Ay, it was a sight to make a strong and stalwart man turn pale with sickness and horror, much less a baby boy of three or four years old. Ay, there lay the man, all through the dreadful night, with swarms on swarms and myriads upon myriads of stinging insects biting, and sipping, and sucking his life-blood with distracting agony away. Ah, think of the hellish torture often practiced by those bloody pirates upon their victims in the West Indies! The bound man's eyes were closed, the lips and cheeks were puffed and swollen out of all human proportions, and the inflamed body was one glowing, red, and angry surface. No needle could have been stuck where the venomous stings of a thousand sand-flies or mosquitoes had not already sucked blood. Ay, well might the child start back with horror!

"It is your friend the Doctor, Henri," he said in French, still in a strong but kindly voice. "I can not see you, but get me a knife! No, my child, never mind, you can not find one: don't leave me!"

Here the child timidly put his little hands out and brushed away the poisonous insects, and then touched the Doctor's face.

"Ah, Henri, see if you can not slip that pretty silk rope over my head; yes, that is the way —*doucement*—easily, my child! Well, now, my Henri, you are weak and sick, my poor little boy; but listen to me! yes, I feel your little hands on my eyes. Well, bite upon that cord that goes across my throat. Bite till it snaps asunder! I am nearly choking, little one, but don't cry."

True! the strips of rawhide, which had partially slackened in the rain that had washed the body of the victim, now began to tauten again in the sultry heat of the morning, and lay half hidden in the swollen throat, stomach, and limbs of the tortured sufferer.

Henri's sharp little teeth fastened upon the strand, biting and gnawing, until finally it was severed, and the Doctor gave a great sigh of relief.

"Blessings on you, my poor boy!" he murmured, painfully. "Now bite away on the strands which bind the arm. There! Don't! don't hurry! Rest a little, my child! Ah, it is well!"

Again those sharp little teeth of a mouse had gnawed through the net which bound the lion-hearted man; the ends of the rawhide drew back and twisted into spiral curls, and the right arm, though numb and four times its original size, was free.

"Thanks be to God for all His mercies!"—exclaimed the Doctor, as with difficulty he raised his released arm to his face and pushed back the swollen lids from his closed eyes—"and to you, my little friend, for saving this wretched life!"

Waiting a few moments to recover his strength, the Doctor made a mighty effort, and some of the coils whose strands had been cut by those little teeth yielded and gradually unrove, so as to leave the upper part of his body free. Then while the child was once more cutting the lashings of his feet he himself unfastened the knots of his left arm, and by a vigorous effort he tore the net from off him and sat upright. Clasping his numbed and swollen hands together, he turned his face and almost sightless eyes to Heaven.

"May this awful trial serve as a partial forgiveness of my sins and make me a better man!"

He paused and laid his heavy arms around the child, while warm and grateful tears trickled down his cheeks. Slowly, and like a drunken man, his feet sought the sand, and then, weak, trembling, and faint, he staggered along the path—the boy tripping lightly before him—till he fell exhausted on the floor of the chapel.

"Water, my Henri! water!"

The child scooped it out from the stone bowl with his tiny hands and sprinkled it on his friend's face.

"There, that will suffice, my brave boy! Lay your cheek to mine!"

What a sight it was! That dark, swollen, powerful frame lying on the coral pavement, and the innocent child, like a dew-drop on the leaf of a red tropical flower, nestling close beside him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE HURRICANE.

PAST a September noon. The great canopy of dark, murky clouds fell lower and lower, until they nearly touched the earth, wrapping as in a blanket the single cocoa-nut tree on the crag, and shutting out the light and air of heaven as they settled over the noxious lagoon, the mangrove thickets, and pure inlet. The sea-birds came screaming in from seaward, fluttering their wide-spread wings in the sultry atmosphere and alighting on the smooth rocks, where they furled their pinions and put their heads together. The flying-fish no longer skimmed over the waves, and the dolphin and shark sank deep down in the blue water, or lay still and quiet beside the coral groves. The rolling, swelling ocean of the tropic, with its glassy, greasy surface unruffled by the faintest air, rolled heavily on until it struck the coral ledge, when, with a dull, heavy roar, it broke over in creamy foam and came sluggishly in to the sandy beach. There the tiny waves lashed the shelly strand, and all was still again. No sun, no air; and even the birds and serpents and insects gasped for breath. The fish below the sea, the animated nature above, and the very leaves and vines of the forests and thickets knew what was brewing in the great vacuum around.

Slowly and painfully the man in the chapel regained his feet, and, with the child by the hand, moved on to the farthest corner by the rude altar, where he sank down again, and, clasping the boy to his heart, waited in breathless awe. As if the powder and flames had not done their destructive work, the wrath of Heaven was to be poured out over the devoted den of the pirates.

Then came a bellowing roar as a current of wind swept over the sea, cutting a pathway in the blue water and scooping it up in an impalpable mist, hurrying on to the low beach of the island, and tearing the sand and shells up in heaps—and then a lull. Now, as if all the demons of winds had let loose their cavernous lungs from the four quarters of the earth, and, like the shocks of artillery, volley upon volley, came the hurricane. The sea became one boiling, seething, hissing surface of foam, pressed as flat as marble by the weight of the tempest, which laid the black rocks bare on the ledge, and drove the water into both mouths of the inlet, until, with a crashing shock, it met in the basin, and broke over and over the cove, and high up the wall of rocks on the other side. Two or three streams of whirlwind meeting, too, over the island drove the lagoon hither and thither, catching up the white pond-lilies by their long stems, twisting off the dense groves of mangroves by the roots, burrowing holes in the sandy beds of the cactus, and shearing off their flat thorny leaves and needle-points by the acre together; then a rushing whirl around the cocoa-nuts, bowing their tufted tops at first till they nearly touched the earth, when, the stout trunks snapping like glass, they would go pitching and tossing from base to crown, careering and dancing aloft—borne away with sand and mangrove, cactus, flowers, and sticks, into the flying clouds before the hurricane. Then another lull; and from the opposite direction again thundered the terrible breath of the demons, sweeping thousands of sea-birds, with broken pinions, screaming amidst the gale, hurling them against the crag, stripping the feathers from their crushed carcasses, and in a moment burying them a foot deep in clouds of sand. No more pauses or lulls now in the hurtling tempest; but with a steady, tremendous, bellowing roar, which made the earth tremble, the rocks quake, and laid every vestige of vegetation flat to the ground, it came on mightier and mightier, and fiercer and fiercer, with black masses of never-ending clouds sweeping close down like dark midnight, as if heaven and earth had come together. All through the gloomy day and through the night this elemental war, with its legions of careering demons, continued to lash the sea and smite the land; and then, as if satiated with vengeance, the clouds belched forth in red lightning, vomiting out peal upon peal of awful thunder as a parting salute, and then moderating down to a hard gale from another quarter, broke away. The blue sky appeared, and the glorious sun once more came up in his majesty over the distant hills of Cuba.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE VIRGIN MARY.

WITH the boy clasped to his heart the Doctor sat beside the altar of the chapel during all the direful strife without; shielding his little charge from the clouds of fine sand and rubbish that every few minutes came swirling within the sacred temple; dashing the Padre's candlesticks into battered lumps of brass on the pavement, and tearing to atoms the votive offerings hung around the walls by the pirates. But as if in mercy to the trustful souls lying there, the Virgin Mary still looked down in sweet pity upon them, and the little chapel stood unharmed.

When at last, however, the hurricane's back had been broken, and Æolus had reined back his maddened chargers and curbed their flying wings, and when all the demons of the winds had gone moaningly back to their caverns in the clouds, the Doctor arose, and with the boy beside him, knelt devoutly before the altar while he uttered a fervent prayer of thanksgiving.

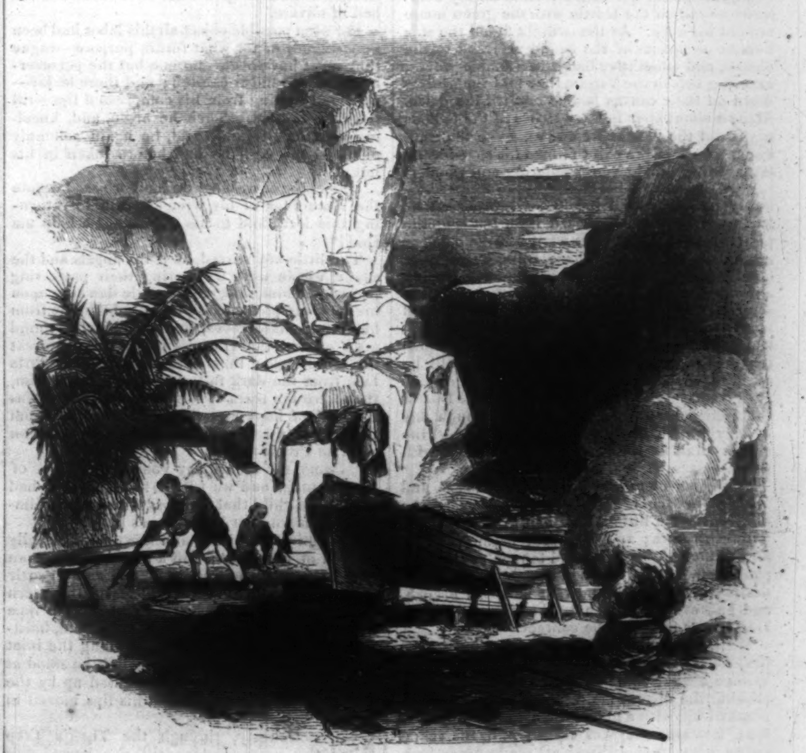
"Come, my Henri! now we may go out and see if we can find something to eat and drink! You are weak and hungry, my poor little boy! But you shall not suffer much longer!"

That strong man, with the heart of a gentle woman, had no thought of how ill, and famished, and thirsty he himself was from the terrible torture he had endured! No, he only thought of the child who had saved him.

In front of the chapel the sand and bushes were piled up in ridgy heaps, the coral wall around the cemetery had been thrown down, while the flat head-stones over the pirates' graves had disappeared entirely. Not so, however, with the white slabs near by where those poor doomed women were lying; for the hurricane had spared their tombs, and a pall of pure white sand was sprinkled evenly over their remains. Bending over them was the trunk of the cocoa-nut with its top stripped and its leafless branches quivering in the wind; while from below streamed out the long thin green silk rope which had so often served Captain Brand, the Pirate, for his private executions. Near at hand lay the trestle on which the Doctor had been stretched; caught by the base of the cocoa-nut column, and half buried in sand, while the cruel strips of rawhide which had lashed the victim down were tied and twisted into a maze of complicated knots by the nimble fingers of the winds.

The Doctor started, and his half-closed eyes shot out gleams of anger as he beheld the unconscious implements designed for his torturing murder; and leaving the child at the door-way to the chapel, he sallied out, detached the rope, loosened the trestle from its sandy bed, and placed them in a corner of the chapel.

Then carefully picking his way, with the boy in his great arms, over the trees and débris which obstructed the pathway, he speedily reached the site on which had stood the sheds of the *Centipede's* crew. Fire, water, and wind had done their work effectually, though the fire had partially spared the detached store-house and shed which he had shared with the infamous Padre. All else was a ruin of loose blocks of stone, broken tiles, nearly buried in banks of sand. From a well in the once busy court-yard, and which had also escaped the devouring elements, the Doctor drew a bucket or two of water in which he slaked the boy's thirst and then his own, and afterward poured water over their bodies. Then, from a still smouldering beam which puffed out at intervals a thin curl of smoke from beneath one of the sheds, he lit a fire in the court-yard; and then from the wreck of the store-room he succeeded in rescuing some hard biscuit and a ham. This last he tore in shreds, and placing them on sticks before the fire, they were thus enabled to make a hearty meal, first providing for the wants of the child, however, soaking the biscuit for him, as if it were his first duty on earth. Again raising the boy in his arms, he passed from the ruined sheds and bent his steps toward Captain Brand's former dwelling. The road was heaped with shells and sand, strewed with shoals of dead fish and wounded or dying birds, while the wreck of a boat, mingled with the timbers and planks of the jetty to the basin, were lying pell-mell on the beach of the little cove. Casting his eyes around in search of the once spacious dwelling, with its vaults, veranda, and saloon, he could hardly at first trace a vestige of the structure. The powder, more destructive even than the hurricane, had tossed walls and building into a confused heap of rubbish; then came the wind and sand on top of the rocks which had tumbled down by the concussion of the first explosion, and then the water, packing all together as if no habitation had ever existed there. The Doctor walked slowly around until he came to the angle where the kitchen once was, and there, three-fourths hidden beneath a mass of blackened stones and charred timber, peered forth the white skeleton of a human being. The flesh had been seared and burned from the face and skull by the instantaneous flash of the powder, and there lay the remains of Babette, whitely bleached, as if she had been thrown a lifeless corpse on the sea-beach. A few yards below this frightful spectacle lay a number of shattered boxes and trunks, now a confused bundle of clothes, and a sandy saturated collection of kitchen utensils and crockery. Yes, the poor dumb woman, the creature and witness of many a cruel scene, ignorant or uncertain of the warning given her by the master she loved, had fallen another tribute to his long list of victims.



BUILDING THE BOAT.

The Doctor only waited long enough to select a few necessary articles from the heterogeneous heap before him, and then, with the child still clinging contentedly to his shoulder, he returned to the chapel.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE ARK THAT JACK BUILT.

The land wind sighed and murmured; the sea-breeze wafted its rustling influence over the waves; the long swells broke over the ledge; the inlet flowed pure and limpid; and the gulls and sea-mews floated gracefully over the reef, as if a hurricane had never poured its baneful wrath upon it or the lonely island.

Day by day, and week by week, the man and the boy, getting each hour stronger and better, worked and worked. He with his great arms hewing and sawing, and the child attending upon him like a shadow. By great toil and exertion the Doctor had succeeded in placing some of the timbers of the jetty together as launching-ways, and on the cradle he had laid the wreck of the old boat. Then, with an old saw and some tools he found near the site of the mat sheds by the cove, he began to build the frail ark which was to carry him and the child from the hated island. From the store-house, too, he obtained plenty of provisions to supply their wants, and old sails and rope he found in abundance. Babette's collection of worldly wealth provided them with linen and clothing, together with utensils for eating and drinking; and he had made their dwelling in the little chapel clean and habitable. Here they slept by night on an old sail, and soundly too, the sleep of repentance and innocence. With the early morning the man and the boy arose and took their way to the cove. The little fellow was clean and tidy now, dressed in a little loose calico frock and a queer contrivance of an old bonnet fashioned out of Babette's gear, and on his feet were a pair of little canvas slippers stitched for him by his protector. After a bath in the basin of the inlet the fire was kindled and the simple breakfast prepared. Then, while the strong man hewed and sawed and hammered beneath a temporary awning which covered the open work-shop, the boy would pick up shells along the cove, or, with a little rod and line, seated on a flat rock near by, jerk out fish from the basin to serve for dinner. Sometimes he would wander about in search of nails and spikes for the boat, or gather sticks for the fire—but never out of hail, and never beyond the watchful eyes of his friend. Yes! those watchful, kind eyes followed his slightest movements; and while the hammer was going in vigorous blows on the planks, or the axe chipping away a timber, his pleasant voice sang Creole songs to the child or encouraged his innocent prattle. A loaded musket which, with some ammunition, he had dug out from the wreck of his old quarters, stood leaning against an upright post under the shade, and woe to the man or beast that might have dared to approach the boy! In the burning heat of the tropical day the labor ceased; and the child either lay on his back on the soft sand beneath the awning, kicking up his little legs, watching the small gulls as they skimmed across the basin, or, with his brown, curly head resting on the Doctor's knees, slept sweetly. Happy and contented he was, too, with the return of health and strength; and if his budding memory looked back to her he had lost and the recollection of his faithful Banou, it was only for a moment, and, like a childish dream, it passed away.

Every evening at sunset, when the work was done for the day, the Doctor, with Henri in his arms and the musket on his shoulder, would climb the crag and peer all around the island; but never a sail did he see from the hour the *Centipede* spread her canvas, while he lay helplessly bound on the trestle with the green noose around his neck. As the twilight faded the sole human occupants of the island returned to the chapel, and when they had said a simple prayer, kneeling before the Virgin, they laid themselves down on their canvas bed to rest till the dawn. Many a silent hour in the watches of the tedious night did the Doctor lie awake, while the cool, sweet breath of the child fanned his cheek as he lay nestling beside him, pondering and wondering on the fate of his charge. He knew absolutely nothing about his history, save that he had been pitched overboard from the brig the pirates were robbing; but what was the name or nation of the vessel, where from, or whither bound, he was in utter ignorance. He had questioned the leader, Gibbs, on that occasion after the chase by the corvette, after he had lopped off the brute's leg; but what with suffering and drink the ruffian had either forgotten the brig's name or feigned to, and all he could impart was the belief that she was an English trader. Even from the boy, too, the Doctor could elicit nothing of importance, though day by day he tried every means of leading the child's mind back to the past; but always with the same result.

"*Oui, ma chère maman! Bon Banou!*" and "*Ma petite cousine Rosalie!*" These were the only words the little fellow had to link his fate with the future; and even they became fainter and fainter on his mind and tongue as the time passed on. With this delicate web around the destiny of the child, and that he spoke French, and had evidently been tenderly nurtured, the Doctor was forced to be content.

Well, so the days and nights went by, and so the work went on, and the little ark began to assume a wholesome look, and to be capable of plowing the distant main. Then, when she was planked up, with a gunwale on, and half-decked over forward, she was calked and the seams payed with pitch. When all ready for launching, early one morning the Doctor and the boy went gayly down to the cove. There, as the first golden rays of the rising sun shot athwart the inlet, Henri stood up in the bows, and, with a large pearl shell of pure spring water, he waved his tattered bonnet round his curly locks, and with childish delight, as the vessel began to move, he emptied the shell of its sparkling treasure, shouting, as she slid off the ways into the basin, "*Ma petite cousine Rosalie!*" The builder too took off his hat and shouted, in his deep bass, till the rocks gave back the echo of Rosalie! Rosalie!

Thus was the ark launched and christened by her captain and crew, and there she rode on the basin a little pinnace of about ten tons, which had been once used to carry anchors, cables, and stores about the harbor. A week or two more and she was fitted with a single mast, stepped well in the bows, with a jib and one square lug-sail. Then ballast in bags of sand was laid along her keelson, and a couple of breakers of fresh water got on board, together with a quantity of cooked salt meat and hard biscuit stowed away under the half-deck forward—where, too, was a cozy little nest of spare canvas with an oakum pillow for the boy! Yes. There lay the good ship *Rosalie*, outward bound, with sails bent and gear rove, cargo on board, and waiting for a wind.

Meanwhile the Doctor had tried her under sail, and satisfied himself that every thing worked well, and that she was in proper trim. Then he moored her within a fathom from the shore, and waited for a moon to light him on his voyage. Whither?

Carefully too—like one who had passed a lifetime on the ocean, from the China seas to the broad Atlantic, under the suns of the tropics as well as in the dim gloom of high latitudes—the Doctor studied the clouds and watched their course, noting the flight of the birds in the air and the track of fish in the sea. At last the trade-breezes began to blow regularly and steadily; the land winds, too, in the gray of the morning, fluttered timidly away out to sea, and the round pearly moon shone bright and mellow over rock and water.

"To-morrow, my brave boy, we shall sail away from the island. Ah! you clap your hands, eh? Yes, we shall go to find mama!" This was said as man and child stood for the last time on the lofty crag, while the former ranged his dark eyes scrutinizingly around the horizon. Nothing in sight!

Once more to their chapel of refuge, where, for the first time in all their association, putting the child to sleep by himself, the Doctor sat down on the trestle by the entrance, and, lighted by the brilliant moon, he caught up the tangled mazes of the hide net which had bound him, and sedulously applied himself to a task before him.

Any one who has seen the effect produced by a violent gale upon the tattered shreds of a shivered main-topsail, bound up into the most tortuous knots that it is possible to conceive of, and so hard and solid that you might saw the canvas balls, like boards, in slices, may form some idea of the task the Doctor had imposed upon himself to loosen the hide strands tied together by the furious fingers of the hurricane. Patiently and quietly, with no sign of temper, he applied himself to the work, and with nothing but a sharp-pointed spike to aid his hands, he began to unravel, bit by bit, the laced knots and bunches of rawhide—without ever cutting a strand—until, as the moon sank glimmering down, the tangled mass lay in clear coils beside him—though in several pieces, where it had been severed by the teeth of that little mouse purring behind the altar—and the task was done. Then raising the trestle he bore it within the altar, and with the now unraveled coil of hide, and the softer silk rope for a pillow, he again stretched himself upon what ence had been his bed of torture.

For what possible object all this labor had been undertaken, or for what future purpose—vague they must have been—no one but the persevering man who did it can tell; and there he lay—no sound coming from his compressed lips—till the day dawned. Then he arose, and, kneeling over the sleeping child, he again solemnly repeated the oath he had before taken in his hut:

"Sleeping or waking, on land or sea, I devote the remainder of my wretched life to returning this lost child to his mother. So help me God!"

The little boy stirred, as if the angels and the sweet Virgin were whispering their protecting power over him, and, with a smile dawning upon his rosy, dimpled cheeks, he raised the lids from his bright hazel eyes, and put his fat round arms around the Doctor's neck. If two great drops fell upon that upturned innocent little face from the dark full eyes bending over him, they were not tears of sorrow! Oh, no! It was the dew of hope and trustfulness falling from the soul of a repentant sinner relying upon an all-wise Providence.

"Come, my Henri, say your little prayer of the morning, and we will go!" The man had taught the child that little prayer which he himself had learned at his mother's knee.

Up again to the crag and down to the shelly margin of the shore; and a long look the man gave at the ruin of shed and den as he gently placed the child on a sand-bag in the stern sheets of the ark. Then he cast off the rope which held the vessel to the hated strand, hoisted the sail, and, as she bubbled along the inlet with the first sigh of the land-wind, he stood at the helm with his bare head lighted up by the beams of the rising sun, and his lips moved in prayer.

On, noiselessly, through the Tiger's Trap sailed the little pinnace till she bowed her rugged cut-water in the yielding waves, and with her square lug-sail swelling gently to the freshening breeze, she held her course to sea!

I question much if the stanch brigantine named the *Centipede*, which had preceded her through this Tiger's gorge, with all the ruffianly crew that manned her and their villainous Captain on her quarter-deck, stood half the chance of a prosperous voyage as the tiny ark called the *Rosalie* which followed, with her noble, brave commander and his weak and boyish mate! Who can tell?

END OF PART I.

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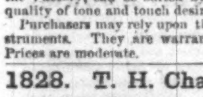

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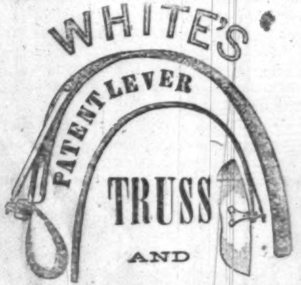

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